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QUEEN MAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Once more, revolving years, ye usher in
The beautiful and fairy Queen, sweet May;
Fair as she was ere earth was stained with sin,
Or man from Eden's bliss was driven away.

All nature owns thy presence, and regales
The sense of every animated thing;
The migratory birds no longer fear the gales
That blow most fiercely ere the flight of Spring.

On rapid wing they seek the northern sky,
And, sweetly carolling, pursue their way
To where familiar places greet their eyes
And welcome them as on the primal day.

The turf that lay 'neath Winter's snows so dead
Is clothed in vesture beauteously green;
The queenly rose now proudly lifts her head,
And only beauty everywhere is seen.

The purling brooks now hasten in their course,
As melting snows from mountain tops descend;
And rivers with accelerated force
Rush to the ocean, where they find their end.

The bleating lamb now yields its snowy fleece
Which kept him warm through Winter's icy chill;
E'en prowling Renard leaves the fowls in peace,
And farmers gayly sow and plant and till.

The mountain trout, now sportive, seeks the sun,
And, grown less cautious, dallies with the fly;
Till suddenly it finds its race is run,
And leaves its wat'ry element, to die

The timid deer, emboldened by the "Act"
Which stays its capture till its young are raised,
Now makes with mortal foe a safe compact,
And thinks, I'm sure, "'Tis May that shall be praised."

And, not less, men fresh inspiration find
In the sweet influences that nature sends
To stir the heart and vivify the mind,
To form new friendships and cement old friends.

And youth, fond youth, how fleely through their veins
The warm blood courses, while the balmy breeze
Allures them into cool and shady lanes,
Or where arbuius trails beneath the trees.

Thy influence, May, rejuvenates the old,
Recalling lov'd ones mold'ring 'neath the sod,
Forcing the timid spirit and the bold
To look from nature up to nature's God.

A glad evangel art thou to us all,
Chilled by the sombre clouds of dying Spring;
Unnumbered blessings with thy coming Fall
On spirits wearied by long suffering.

Ah, lovely Queen! thy charms must all confess,
Thy glories shine throughout the endless years;
And cycles hence, thy beauty none the less
Than when first rang the music of the spheres.

Then who before thy shrine will not bow down,
And rend thee homage, gentle, fairy Queen?
Who would not strive to weave for thee a crown
Bright and perennial as thy joyous mien?

"*Bellevue*," May 1, 1875. J. H. S.

AROUND HIS NECK;
OR,
THE DOUBLE MURDER
OF
THE BROKEN ROCK.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHANNA PRITCHARD.

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CHAPTER XVII.

It was the evening prior to Lord and Lady Vanderbuilt's departure. Lord Arthur Ferdinand, attended by his valet, was being dressed for dinner.

During the past week his lordship's valet had been shamefully abused. No matter how hard he tried to please his noble master, he was kicked and cuffed, and even cursed by him. Nothing suited his lordship. He threw his wardrobe and other garments at astonished valet's head, and swore that, if he could not make him look more graceful and elegant, he would put an end to his wretched life by tieing him to the bedpost and lashing him.

"What can be the matter with his lordship?" thought the valet-attendant. "If it were not for the large salary he gives me, I wouldn't wait upon him another day. I shouldn't wonder but he's cracked over the Spanish lady. He is getting weary of his wife, I know. He was always as gentle and kind to me as ever I wanted a master to be; but since they have been here he is very much changed. He can't dress elegant enough. He has actually got stays made for him, to squeeze his waist in, and I must say, to do him justice, he is the handsomest-shaped gentleman I ever saw. Perhaps, after those folks are gone, he will be himself again. So I'll wait and be patient."

But he could not please his master, and on this eventful night he was roughly ordered to go about his business. He obeyed in the meekest manner possible, bowing very low, and backing out.

"Bewitching, fascinating siren!" Were I indifferent to your beauty my soul would indeed be adamant. The voluptuous passion speaking in the flashing glances of your eyes tells me you would be mine. How soft and sweet sounds her name. Marianna! For her smiles I would give up title, station, my grand estate, and even cast aside my Violet."

Where now is his love, his fidelity for the fair Violet, to those unsuspecting hearts clung to him, and still clings, believing in no god but him? Where is the remorse of his guilty soul? Where are his grand resolutions? All vanished at the tempting beauty of a strange woman.

"Kings and queens have fallen for love. Why not I?" said Richard Harkaway, in his own self-conceit. Glancing in the mirror at his handsome face, he wended his way with a beating heart down the grand staircase, and entered the spacious halls leading into the dining-room. His hopes were disappointed—Lady Vanderbuilt was not there. Lady Ferdinand and the Earl were quietly chatting over old times.

"Where is your lady guest, Violet? I trust you are not neglecting her, nor your duty, little lady?" said Lord Ferdinand, in rather a condescending tone, and with an attempt at a smile, which did not go unnoticed by the Earl of Chester, who raised his eyebrows and wondered if his Violet's happiness was not all assumed, and replied abruptly:

"Lady Vanderbuilt is in one of the conservatories. The valet is cutting flowers for her, I believe."

"I will go and cut you a bouquet, Violet, and inform Lady Vanderbuilt dinner is near time," said the master of Ferdinand in a kindlier tone than before.

The Earl again raised his brows, and a sweet smile shone over his face as he thought:

"It was all my fancy. He loves her, and Violet will be happy." And, turning quickly, as his host was disappearing into the garden, he called after him, as if to make amends for his unjust suspicion:

"Arthur, my boy, bring me a bouquet, will you?"

Lord Ferdinand heard the call of the Earl, but not the request. So he returned, and begged to know what was. The Earl repeated it, apologizing for bringing him back.

Lord Ferdinand laughed, and, with a low bow, said obsequiously:

"If Lady Vanderbuilt will permit me."

Again Richard Harkaway was doomed to disappointment. She was not there. He started for the grounds. She was not even there.

"I will wait at the north side of the conservatory. She will be sure to pass this way. We have an hour yet before dinner. It may be my last chance for a private interview. And to-night I must know what my fate is to be."

Lord Arthur Ferdinand seated himself and waited for her footstep. Finding he was becoming nervous and irritable, and seeing on the walk one of his servants, he beckoned him to approach, and ordered a bottle of champagne to be instantly brought him.

"What are all my wishes worth? Not that!" he cried, snapping his fingers, as in glass after glass he drained the wine from the bottle, and ordered another. "When I married Lady Violet, I swore I would never drink another drop; but this night, my Lady Vanderbuilt, for thee I break it, for my eyes must sunshine so brightly as thine."

At this very moment, when he she so loathed was madly waiting her coming step, Lady Vanderbuilt was gliding like a shadow, inspecting the rooms of Ferdinand mansion; while Lord Vanderbuilt's valet—Thomas Harkaway, as we know—stood at a proper distance as watcher and listener.

Hastily coming from the master of Ferdinand's apartments, Lady Vanderbuilt waved her hand to the watcher as a signal to be gone. Then, hastening to her own chamber, she instantly inhaled an invigorating odor, and, without the assistance of her maid, quickly robed herself in a gorgeous dinner-dress, which she never had worn before. Finally, having ornamented her head, neck and arms with the finest selection of diamonds and other precious stones, she hurried down the steps and into the conservatory.

Lord Ferdinand saw her coming. Springing to his feet, he commenced plucking the flowers. Unconsciously he tore them from their roots and dropped them at his feet, as he stood chained to the spot with admiration of the woman who dazzled and bewildered his senses. Who could wonder? The sparkling diamonds, the gorgeous robe, the lovely arms—bare and decked with jewels—the rounded shoulders, the heaving bosom, the tall and stately form, with the trailing masses of hair—the color of the raven's hue falling like a veil around her, as if it would hide her glorious beauty from his sight.

Advancing towards her, trembling like a youth who feels the first time is about to declare his passion for his first love, he offered his services to cut the flowers, and to arrange them into a bouquet for her. Calmly, as if ignorant of his excitement and his passion for her, she smiled, showing two rows of pearly teeth, and raised her drooping eyes with a glance that thrilled his guilty soul with a hope that was never to be realized. Gaining courage by her smiles, he began cutting the choicest, rarest, and most fragrant flowers in the conservatory.

"Yourself and lady must pay us a visit to Chester Castle. I will show you our antique curiosities, and all the secrets of the tower," said Lady Vanderbuilt, adding winningly: "and it is really worth losing two weeks of your valuable time. Everything is beautiful there."

"As beautiful as the mistress?" asked his lordship. "No, lady; nothing else in all the wide world is so lovely as Lady Vanderbuilt!"

"Oh, fie, fie! Lord Ferdinand. What would your pretty little Violet think if she heard you thus flattering another man's wife? Fie, fie!" And Lady Vanderbuilt struck him on the hand with her diamond-dotted fan, while she laughed—such a low, soft, coquettish, fascinating laugh, which drew him on the more.

"I care not what *she* would think or say, if *you*, dearest lady, will only smile upon me ever, as you smile upon me now," said Lord Ferdinand, as he caught the fan she held carelessly and allowed him to take from her.

"Certainly, I will," she replied. "Why should I not? And in return for your flattery, my lord, you may kiss my fan."

Again her musical laugh rang through the conservatory, and her dazzling eyes invited him on. Raising the fan to his lips, he threw it gently beside the flowers, and, like a man who was under the influence of a desperate resolve, let the consequences be what it may, he fell with clasped hands at her feet.

"Up! up, my lord, for all your life is worth! Up, I say! Are you mad?"

It was in a terrified voice Lady Vanderbuilt spoke, as she shrank from him, placing her hands behind her, as if she feared he would touch them. Springing to his feet at her terror, as he imagined, he spoke now in a low, quick tone:

"Yes, I am mad, lady, and it is your brilliant beauty that has driven me so—your charms have lured me from my vows, from my very self. The world is no joy to me now, unless you share it with me. Let us fly together to-night—to Italy or Rome—and there we'll spend our lives in one dream of love and joy!"

"Do not touch me! I hear voices, my lord. I will consider your words, your proposal. To-morrow I will answer you. Come, let us return," said Lady Vanderbuilt hurriedly.

"Say that you love me, lady, and I am your slave!" exclaimed Lord Ferdinand. "Let me but kiss your hand—but press it to my lips."

He would have caught her hand, had she not darted away.

"Stand back, my lord," she cried. "You shall kiss my lips and fingers too, if, with my answer you shall woo. Until then it is to my satin shoe and violet train thy tale of love must tell," were her winning words.

Rapturously he fell and kissed her tiny foot, and her merry laugh rang out once more. She turned, and said meaningly, with sparkling eyes, as she gracefully tossed her trail to him:

"Dream of me to-night, love."

And away she ran, but not before he had kissed her train, convinced by her actions that she would elope with him on the morrow.

The sumptuous dinner passed brilliantly over. Never before had the Earl of Chester beheld his young wife look so magnificently tempting as she did upon this eventful evening. The contrast between the unassuming yet lovely Lady Ferdinand, with her light golden hair, fair skin, heavenly eyes of blue, and the dazzling brunette, was marvelous to behold. Lord Vanderbuilt fairly trembled at the thought of the furor she would create when the time came for him to introduce her into the fashionable world of gayety and temptation, and could not fail to note the glances of admiration his host and hostess threw upon her.

Once more Ferdinand's mansion was enveloped in the darkness of night. Lady Ferdinand slept sweetly in her own chamber, dreaming of her husband, and she was happy to feel that he loved her, that he was all her joy. What cared this pure flower for the world or its pleasures, so long as she was loved by him?

The valet had retired to his room, and left the old Earl of Chester sleeping under the influence of a narcotic—in fact, every member of Ferdinand's mansion, with the exception of Lord and Lady Ferdinand, Lady Vanderbuilt and her lover. Thomas Harkaway slept under the same influence.

The clock struck twelve, and Lord Arthur Ferdinand started from his delightful reverie, and commenced preparing to retire for the night. The abused valet of his lordship had been early dismissed, with a handsome present from his master, who appeared to be suffering from a little ennui, or worse for drinking champagne, being in such extraordinarily good temper. The valet of Lord Arthur Ferdinand never before slept so soundly as he did on this night.

The clock struck one!

Lord Ferdinand slept restlessly. Lady Vanderbuilt seemed flitting before him. They were on their flight to Italy. Now he declared his love for her. Now he clasped her to his heart, and showered his hot kisses upon her lips. Earth was forgotten. Heaven opened an elysium to his view, and in his rain endeavor to clutch it he awoke bewildered. The bright light he always left burning was dim, hardly perceptible. As he was wondering if it was himself who had lowered it, the dim light vanished, entirely changed, and cast a dark-green shade over everything in the room.

"I am dreaming!" he murmured, with a strange cold fear creeping over him.

Throwing aside the satin curtains that covered the elegantly-carved bedstead, he gazed around. Suddenly a moan, a low wail, that might have been mistaken for the whistling of the wind on a dark December night, sounded upon the ears of the terrified lord, and in his heart beating loud and fast. He fell back on his soft pillows, and covered his face with the lace counterpane.

"Fool! madman!" he murmured. "It's all fancy!"

"Help! mercy! mercy! O God! Richard—husband!" cried a voice in the room, close to his bed. The hollow sound seemed to come from the grave.

Richard Harkaway's heart stopped beating. He caught the bedstead with his clenched fingers, and dug his nails into the carved wood. The cold perspiration rolled down the coward's face, his teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled. The murderer, from his inward soul, cried: "Mercy, mercy, O Lord, on my guilty soul!" All was silent. His heart began to beat again—the cold blood was running in his veins. Slowly he drew the clothes from over his face, and gazed around the room once more. A piercing shriek issued from his lips.

What is it which fills this wretch with horror? He stands aghast. His large black eyes are staring wildly into the left corner of the spacious apartment as if they are bursting from his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a voice, which now seemed to arise from the depths of the sea; and the shadow in the corner becomes plainer and plainer to the gaze of the madman, the fading blackness turns into the form of a woman, with a ghastly face, blood-stained, and masses of brown hair entangled around her skeleton fingers. Riveted to the spot, like a being turned into stone, stood Lord Arthur Ferdinand, with unspeakable fright and horror depicted upon his face. The spectre moved!—nearer it came!

"Mercy! mercy! O God! Richard—mercy! Ha! ha! ha! Accursed, accursed!" The spectre approached nearer still, and pointed to his throat. "Around your neck! Around your neck! I am Hester Bertram's ghost!" it laughed. "I'm Hester Bertram's ghost! Murderer! murderer! murderer!" the spectre shrieked. And Richard Harkaway dropped, like one dead, upon the floor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRANGE PROCEEDINGS.

The Vanderbuilts had taken their departure without bidding adieu to the Lord of Ferdinand, who was discovered, on the morning they left, in a sad state of delirious fever, for which no one could account, as his valet assured her ladyship that he had retired in perfect health. So the guests departed with the deepest regret, and Lady Ferdinand was left alone, with the physicians and the grieved household, to watch over her sick husband.

Seven months had passed since Lord Vanderbuilt had made Hester Bertram his wife. The presence of the Earl of Chester was needed in London, and he expected to be kept there for three months at least. It was with a sad heart that he bade farewell to his young wife, but she cheered her lord by assuring him that there was no danger to anticipate; "and if there should be, dear husband," she said, "I will be sure to inform you in time."

"I have already engaged two of the leading physicians, and I will send them on directly. I have noticed you this last month—you look ill, and it alarms me seriously. I shall leave Mr. Montgomery with you," he continued, "to take charge of you, as I accompany you wherever you wish to go. I can trust him implicitly in all my private affairs, and I hope his presence will be agreeable to you. Do not forget that we both owe him a debt of gratitude we never can repay."

"I will do anything to please you, my lord," she answered, and shall treat him as he deserves. And you, Ernest, must not send those physicians on here until I telegraph you it is necessary, as the very sight of them would frighten me into sickness."

"As you please," said Lord Vanderbuilt, as he again kissed her good-bye. "I know I leave you in good hands, with Mrs. Martin, herself a mother, as housekeeper."

One more fond embrace, and the true husband and the false wife parted.

On the following evening, in the pretty seaport town of Brighton, a four-wheeled cab, close-covered, stopped at a plain but decent-looking house in a narrow street. The cabman began to pull the trunk down from the top, while a decently-dressed man, with dark hair and beard, lifted a plainly-dressed woman out of the cab. In spite of her homely appearance, there was something in her tall and graceful form that, to an acute observer, might look very mysterious, especially as a thick veil covered her face.

There was no one in the street to observe them but the cabman, and he did not consider them worth troubling about, as the man had been very precise in counting the fare. So he banged down the small trunk, jumped on his seat, and drove away. The man and the woman looked after him and smiled at each other. The man gave a modest knock at the door, and the woman raised her veil, showing a pale face, with plain red hair smoothed down each side. The door was slowly opened. An old woman appeared, and on seeing the man her dried-up face spread into an attempt at a smile, as she threw the door wide open for them to pass in.

"This is my wife," said the man, who evidently had conversed with the withered-looking hag before, for he shouted the words at her.

"Who—who did you say?" she replied in a squeaking voice, as with her little blood-shot eyes she peered at the tall woman.

"My wife!"

The man fairly screamed the words in her ear.

"Oh, your wife!" she said, nodding her head with satisfaction. With her skinny finger beckoning them to follow her, she led the way up a neat staircase, and into a pleasanter apartment than anyone would expect to see, judging from the street, the house, and the landlady.

Three days after the arrival of the man and woman, who had given their names as Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, the old landlady was quite taken back by the sudden intrusion into her presence of the said Mr. Morgan, who begged her, in quite an excited state, "to inform him of the whereabouts of the nearest doctor.

The old woman ran to her desk, and, rummaging among a quantity of papers, she at last caught a tiny strip with a grasp as if she feared it would fly from her. Trotting more briskly than old folks at her extreme age generally do, she came back to Mr. Morgan, and, peering curiously at him, poked the strip of paper into his face, saying in her cracked voice:

"That's the nearest doctor around here. Do as you please, but don't trouble me any more."

The man took the paper, and, thanking her with seeming gratitude for her kindness, was about closing the door, when he heard the landlady screaming after him:

"Bring back my scrip of paper!"

Not heeding her, he hastily walked the street and turned away in quite the opposite direction to that on the scrip of paper he held in his hand. He snapped his fingers at a passing cab, and jumped in, ordering the cabman to drive at a certain street.

It was that night when Mr. Morgan, accompanied by two persons, entered the room where his wife lay in great suffering.

"I am come at last, my darling," the husband said in French, tenderly kissing her. "And I have brought with me one of the first physicians, and also a nurse to attend you."

At three o'clock the following morning the woman who passed as Mrs. Morgan gave birth to a living female child. At the same moment, as the doctor laid the infant in the nurse's arms, Mr. Morgan desired her to follow him in the adjoining room.

"Would not the mother like to see it?" asked the doctor.

"My wife don't intend to nurse her baby, and I think it best she should not see it, unless she herself desires it."

"Ah, as you please, sir," the doctor replied.

Before nine o'clock the same morning the physician took his leave, with the promise of returning on the morrow.

"After that," he said, "if the good lady continues to improve, it will be unnecessary for me to call."

"What brilliant eyes as addressed Mrs. Morgan, to be sure!" thought the good-natured doctor as he rode home. "What beautiful skin and features, with that horrible red hair and cap. Upon my word, when she smiled, her teeth were like pearls, and really fascinating. What lovely shaped hands and arms, too. But oh! how sorry he seemed, after the week after the birth of the infant, the nurse was discharged on the plea that they could not afford to keep her any longer. On the same evening a four-wheeled cab stopped at the old woman's door, and she was told to her surprise that the driver had come for people called "Morgan."

Sure enough, down to the cab came Mrs. Morgan, carried by her husband. She was wrapped in warm shawls, and her husband placed her carefully in the cab, with a pillow under her head. Then he flew up the stairs, and with great care brought down a good-sized basket and placed it under the seat. As he did so, a faint cry, as of a new-born infant, issued from the basket. The man's face turned pale, and the woman's eyes glared wildly. She covered her ears with her hands, as if that infantile wail had penetrated her brain and driven her mad.

The cab rolled on towards the station. The man inside seemed to pity the helpless babe, fearing the woman might lay dangerous hands upon it, in her present weak and nervous state. He stopped the cab and went and sat on the outside, with the driver, resting the basket on his lap.

"If you please to follow me, gentlemen, I'll introduce you to the steward and secretary," said the good Mrs. Martin, as she led the way into another chamber, where sat the steward and Mr. Montgomery, the secretary, with a little coffin on a chair beside them. Questions were asked by the medical gentlemen, and the answers were all satisfactory.

"And now," said the leading physician, "we will see the child."

The tiny coffin was laid upon the table, and the lid removed. The four gentlemen, one after another, in their turn, inspected the dead infant, which had all the evidences of having been born prematurely. The leading physician, quite satisfied, placed the lid over it as he asked:

"Had we not better have it kept on ice? Lord Vanderbuilt might wish to see it."

He addressed Mr. Montgomery when he spoke. That gentleman modestly, with a respectful air, as if he was aware the physicians were his superiors, bowed and replied in a calm voice:

"As you please, sir. Your commands will be strictly attended to."

"Excuse me," said the second physician, turning to his director; "but I should imagine his lordship would be better pleased to have it buried before he returns."

"Well, perhaps you are right," the chief practitioner answered, and, again addressing the secretary, he begged he would instantly attend to it.

Thomas Harkaway bowed and left their august presence, followed by the steward, who carried the coffin.

"My noble master will be terribly taken aback when he hears the news that the young heir of Vanderbuilt came before his time, and was nothing but a lump of clay at that," remarked the steward in a sad voice.

"Cheer up, man," said the secretary, slapping the old steward encouragingly on his back. "Think of the joy Lord Vanderbuilt will feel to learn that his beautiful young wife is saved by the death of the infant. For one of them must have died."

"You are right, sir. I was an old fool to think otherwise. It takes wise heads like yours to judge the right. But see, sir, here comes the gravedigger," and the steward of Chester Castle hobbled along to

THE LATE MRS. F. B. CONWAY.

FOR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH SEE ONE OF OUR INSIDE PAGES.

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months yet; but the secretary thinks the sudden fall my lady had on her breast has been the cause."

"A fall! How did it happen?" exclaimed the two physicians in surprise.

"My lady," continued the housekeeper, "was stepping into her carriage, when her foot slipped and she fell; and Mr. Montgomery, who accompanied my lady, said she had looked ill ever since, and that he persuaded her to return; but it was of no avail. You see, gentlemen," she added, "my lady is very headstrong."

"Who attended to the birth of the child?" asked the leading physician.

"Oh, gentlemen, please don't tell my master! He would discharge every one of us," the housekeeper cried, clasping her hands imploringly. "The blessed lady was all alone!"

"Alone!" echoed the medical men in astonishment.

"Explain!"

"You see, sir," she went on, "we received a telegram saying my lady was quite indisposed, and to have the carriage waiting at the station. So, when my lady arrived at the castle, she swooned. We did everything for her, and she soon recovered, so she was quite cheerful in retiring, she said she was so much better, 'and there was no fear of any danger now,' she laughed, and insisted we should all retire as usual, and, if she felt worse, she would ring the bell which communicated with my own apartment. There was no use to say a word to my lady, she's as headstrong as we had to obey her. Well," she continued, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, "I slept like a top, gentlemen, and woke about five o'clock this morning. I went softly and listened at my lady's door, when it seemed to me I heard a sound like a low groan. I did not wait a minute, but entered, and beheld the sight I beheld will go with me to my grave!"

"Bring back my scrip of paper!"

Not heeding her, he hastily walked the street and turned away in quite the opposite direction to that on the scrip of paper he held in his hand. He snapped his fingers at a passing cab, and jumped in, ordering the cabman to drive at a certain street.

It was that night when Mr. Morgan, accompanied by two persons, entered the room where his wife lay in great suffering.

"I am come at last, my darling," the husband said in French, tenderly kissing her. "And I have brought with me one of the first physicians, and also a nurse to attend you."

At three o'clock the following morning the woman who passed as Mrs. Morgan gave birth to a living female child. At the same moment, as the doctor laid the infant in the nurse's arms, Mr. Morgan desired her to follow him in the adjoining room.

"Would not the mother like to see it?" asked the doctor.

"My wife don't intend to nurse her baby, and I think it best she should not see it, unless she herself desires it."

"Ah, as you please, sir," the doctor replied.

Before nine o'clock the same morning the physician took his leave, with the promise of returning on the morrow.

"After that," he said, "if the good lady continues to improve, it will be unnecessary for me to call."

"What brilliant eyes as addressed Mrs. Morgan, to be sure!" thought the good-natured doctor as he rode home. "What beautiful skin and features, with that horrible red hair and cap. Upon my word, when she smiled, her teeth were like pearls, and really fascinating. What lovely shaped hands and arms, too. But oh! how sorry he seemed, after the week after the birth of the infant, the nurse was discharged on the plea that they could not afford to keep her any longer. On the same evening a four-wheeled cab stopped at the old woman's door, and she was told to her surprise that the driver had come for people called "Morgan."

Sure enough, down to the cab came Mrs. Morgan, carried by her husband. She was wrapped in warm shawls, and her husband placed her carefully in the cab, with a pillow under her head. Then he flew up the stairs, and with great care brought down a good-sized basket and placed it under the seat. As he did so, a faint cry, as of a new-born infant, issued from the basket. The man's face turned pale, and the woman's eyes glared wildly. She covered her ears with her hands, as if that infantile wail had penetrated her brain and driven her mad.

The cab rolled on towards the station. The man inside seemed to pity the helpless babe, fearing the woman might lay dangerous hands upon it, in her present weak and nervous state. He stopped the cab and went and sat on the outside, with the driver, resting the basket on his lap.

"If you please to follow me, gentlemen, I'll introduce you to the steward and secretary," said the good Mrs. Martin, as she led the way into another chamber, where sat the steward and Mr. Montgomery, the secretary, with a little coffin on a chair beside them. Questions were asked by the medical gentlemen, and the answers were all satisfactory.

"And now," said the leading physician, "we will see the child."

The tiny coffin was laid upon the table, and the lid removed. The four gentlemen, one after another, in their turn, inspected the dead infant, which had all the evidences of having been born prematurely. The leading physician, quite satisfied, placed the lid over it as he asked:

"Had we not better have it kept on ice? Lord Vanderbuilt might wish to see it."

He addressed Mr. Montgomery when he spoke. That gentleman modestly, with a respectful air, as if he was aware the physicians were his superiors, bowed and replied in a calm voice:

"As you please, sir. Your commands will be strictly attended to."

"Excuse me," said the second physician, turning to his director; "but I should imagine his lordship would be better pleased to have it buried before he returns."

"Well, perhaps you are right," the chief practitioner answered, and, again addressing the secretary, he begged he would instantly attend to it.

Thomas Harkaway bowed and left their august presence, followed by the steward, who carried the coffin.

"My noble master will be terribly taken aback when he hears the news that the young heir of Vanderbuilt came before his time, and was nothing but a lump of clay at that," remarked the steward in a sad voice.

"Cheer up, man," said the secretary, slapping the old steward encouragingly on his back. "Think of the joy Lord Vanderbuilt will feel to learn that his beautiful young wife is saved by the death of the infant. For one of them must have died."

"You are right, sir. I was an old fool to think otherwise. It takes wise heads like yours to judge the right. But see, sir, here comes the gravedigger," and the steward of Chester Castle hobbled along to meet them.

just to themselves. He had suggested various ways, all of which seemed doubtful to his partner, and impracticable for men of business. Lambert's timely appearance and propositions, and the final acceptance of his offer, saved the insertion of the startling paragraph, already prepared for the morning edition of *The Chronicle*.

Simon Burns had not run away; but to those nearest and dearest—his idols, for whom he had sinned—he made full confession. He had hoped so much for Jessie. While a child she delighted in reading; at school she had always been an apt scholar; and at each examination had shown such marked progress, that it was no wonder her father had centred all his hopes in her future. His salary was sufficient for the daily uses of life; but he was unable to train her himself, and he lacked means to employ others. Little by little the temptation came upon him, as it mostly does to us all. It is rarely that one commits a bold, startling transgression of the law, without first having the way paved by little misdemeanors. And so it came to pass that a teacher of elocution was found for Jessie. She improved rapidly, her instructions were thorough, she studied diligently, and yet at sixteen she was scarcely more than a child. Yesterday she had felt herself a child; to-night, as she lay sobbing on her father's breast, she assumed the woman's part. She suddenly felt herself grown old. Could it be she had ever been light-hearted and happy? No more joy could come to her now—it would be a strange guest. For her mother's sake—yes, for both; he was still her father—she would try to lift her cross. Simon Burns had no hope any more, no life or force to try to raise himself out of the pit into which he had fallen. A friend had saved him public disgrace. It was one of the conditions with the firm that the name should be unknown. Without positive knowledge, he felt no uncertainty regarding his deliverer.

A year passed, with its trials and afflictions "grievous to be borne." The wife and mother joined the innumerable throng, the silent army, who day by day traverse the dark valley where each must go bearing his record of earthly warfare—no more struggles, no more tears on the shore of Time—into the silent land, into the great Hereafter all must go. She had died as she had lived, patient and trustful, praying God's forgiveness for her husband, as she had forgiven him all the wrong and heartache. Six months more, and Simon Burns was dying. He sent for John Lambert; beseechingly he craved his pardon. Calling Jessie to his bedside, he said:

"This is the friend. Give me your hand, John—dear, faithful old John! Jessie, let this hand your father holds guide you always," his voice sinking lower still. "John, will you take her—my child—to your heart and home? I defrauded you once. I took her mother. I give the child to you now as my last will and wish on earth. Jessie, dear, do you say yes?"

"No, father, no. Don't make it harder for me. Why should he take me? Why should he care for me? I am not a child, and—hear me, father—I'll pay all your debts. I don't want *love* so much as I want *work*, and some day I'll be all you hoped to see me. Mr. Lambert, say you'll let me try, and believe me—oh, so grateful, so grateful." The words died in a whisper. Bending low, he solemnly said:

"I promise, Simon, to watch over your child always for her best good. She is right. She is no longer a child, and she must choose whether she will ever come to my home or not."

"If is all right, all right," came the answer, the last spoken words on earth.

Unheeding and unconscious, with a face almost as the dead, Jessie was borne tenderly away. No covetous look on Lambert's part, as she lay there in her sweet childish grace—only a look of unutterable tenderness, and he was gone.

Hours afterwards, she slowly opened her eyes, remembering faintly, then in full consciousness, all that had passed. Old Aunt Wayne with gentle hand smoothed her pillow. No matter who had sent her, to Jessie it seemed natural she should come to her in her grief. Through all those mournful days when her father was lying dumb to her cries, and answered not in spite of all her entreaties, she came gently to her side with her wants. It was all over, the house closed, and Jessie followed Aunt Wayne to her own little home—content to go, for life could begin there as well as anywhere. She had been Aunt Wayne to everybody for years. We all of us know some good "uncle" or "aunt" who is not bound by the ties of kindred, but bears the cognomen by general usage and consent.

Mr. Buckingham, who had always been so stern with her, who had been so critical a teacher, became her earnest friend—having great influence, and working for her, taking pride in his pupil, because he recognized her ability and was confident of her success. She would have no stage-name—she was simply "Jessie Burns." As such, she made her debut. Night after night she played to crowded houses. Her "star" had arisen. Flattered and admired, she worked steadily on to attain her object, valuing praise because it brought her name. At last she determined to appear *alone*. A "reading" of unusual attraction was announced—the selections were fine, tender and pathetic, grave and gay. She looked eagerly forward—one triumphant success, and she could carry the sum in full to John Lambert. Then she thought, somewhat bitterly, how he would have taken her himself out of pity. Years afterwards she knew how tenderly those arms would have been outstretched, if she had faltered or failed.

At last the lights glimmered and glared. Alone, in all her womanly sweetness, she stepped on the boards. The spectators forgot all but the perfect vision of loveliness. Then, in her rare, sweet voice, she commenced Mrs. Browning's exquisite poem, "Dead, Both My Boys," almost dying in a wail. Then the music, grand and inspiriting. Again she read:

"And now, mine own dear little girl,
There is no way but this."

Those who were so fortunate as to have heard the great departed Forrest in his recitation need no intimation of the power it possesses. Success crowned every effort. And now, when the doors are closed, the great throng are in the street, Aunt Wayne is in the carriage, waiting. Jessie, triumphant, has gained her prize—only to-night to be a debtor; to-morrow she is free.

"Thank God!" Very reverently she says it.

Proudest of all who beheld her was the man she had worked so unceasingly for. Proud, because she had stood the test, and was the pure-hearted, simple child yet—she would always be that to him. Then he thought, could she offer her money to him? She had said she would. How he would scorn to touch a penny of the child's money!

In the morning she came. Through all the months she had avo

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

METROPOLITAN.—"1. Does the rule bearing on calling balls convey the idea that *one ball must be called* for every *three delivered?* Or must *three unfair* balls be *delivered consecutively* before one ball can be called? 2. Relative to taking bases on balks, suppose the first and third bases are occupied by base-runners, and the second base is vacant. The pitcher, while about to deliver the ball to the batsman, makes a palpable 'balk,' which is promptly called by the umpire. In such a case, would the baseman on third be entitled to come home?"..... 1. The rule requires the umpire to call a ball on every "third consecutive ball." Thus, if the first ball is over the striker's position, the second on the ground, the third a "fair ball," and the fourth over the striker's head, a ball is to be called on the fourth ball. Only unfair balls are to be counted. 2. Yes.

BILLIARDS.—1. The name is not in last year's Directory, the one for the present year is not yet out, and the place is such an out-of-the-way one that we shall not be able to report until next week. 2. Nothing having been said, nothing can be assumed except that both parties intended to dispose of their elephant in the way that is customary in such cases. It is clear that, if they did not intend to do that, at least one of them would have made a condition, unless neither of them ever saw such an elephant before. 3. See "Fresh Fluke" in billiard department.

H. J. G., E. Cambridge.—1. "American Hoyle," for fifty cents, is as good as any. No two books agree. 2. The party who asked the question knows—we do not. Where, think you, would we put from two to four hundred questions weekly, with their answers? Were we to do as you say, we should have even more queries than now. The questions would doubtless be interesting to some few, but it is our experience, extending over some twenty-five years, that most people pay but little attention to other than solutions of their own individual cases.

E. J. F., Albany.—"A and B are playing a game of 'crib.' After the first go, A has one card left and B has three. B plays an eight, A a nine; B a seven, and takes a run of three holes. B then plays a six, and takes an additional run of four holes, and one for the go. A claims that B can only take five holes for his cards played. Several claim that B was right, others that A was right. We take your decision."..... B is right.

ARMADURE, Nashua.—1. The course on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, Eng., over which are rowed the annual races between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, as also all contests for the championship, is 4 miles and 374 furlongs in length. 2. The fastest time in a University race over this course, 19:33, was made in 1873, when Cambridge won by three lengths.

H. Sommer, July 7, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago, 7 to 1; Sept. 8, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston, 6 to 3; Sept. 29, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago, 10 to 8. The Chicago nine included Hodes, Addy, Meek, Wood, Hall, Pinkham, Duffy, Treacy, M. King and Simmons. Boston—McVey, Spalding, Gould, Barnes, Schaffer, Geo. Wright, Cone, H. Wright, Birdsall.

G. G. S., Newburg.—The highest rank in the U. S. Army is that of General, now possessed by Wm. T. Sherman. There is one Lieutenant-general, Philip H. Sheridan; three Major-generals, W. S. Hancock, John M. Schofield and Irvin McDowell; six Brigadier-generals, John Pope, O. O. Howard, A. H. Terry, E. O. C. Ord, C. C. Augur and George Crook.

ARION.—1. The law prohibiting the sale of liquors, and the penalties attached to its infringement, contained in section ten in New York City, was signed by the Governor April 18, 1862, and went into force April 24. 2. The Art Union was first started in Paris in 1814 by M. Rennin, for the encouragement of painters.

BERNICE ROSE.—1. We believe so. 2. No; she is a daughter of MOSE GROSS. 3. They are distinct individuals. The first named is the wife of one of the Orrin Brothers; the other is not married. 5. If you had read the last issue of THE CLIPPER, you would have known they were performing in Canada.

J. D. S.—1. No. 2. Only the horse that has not won a heat in five, or made a dead heat, can be ruled out. But when either of two horses would have won the race but for the dead heat between them, then the other two compete to the finish, and are placed, with respect to the purse, as they stood at the close of that dead heat.

A. H., Philadelphia.—"High Life Below Stairs," a farce, the authorship of which has been generally attributed to David Garrick, was written by the Rev. James Townley (an intimate of Garrick), and was first produced at Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., in 1759.

LEVERING, Baltimore.—There are many in both cities you name. Address a letter to T. C. Faulkner at the office of *The Commercial-Advertiser*, Frank Drew, city, and we think you will oblige you. He is one of the oldest amateurs in this city.

C. S. ISAACS.—"As I have always heard that 19 could not be counted in cribbage, in explaining it the following My hand was as follows: 2 trays, a 4 and 5, and a tray turned up."..... Your hand counts 21. Six by 15's; six for a pair royal, and nine for runs.

NO SIGNATURE.—1. It may be either Montaig or Montague. The pronunciation of proper names is purely arbitrary. 2. In this latitude Spring begins on March 21, and lasts about March 21. The first, in popular acception; the second, as matter of fact.

OBLIGE HALLMAN.—"Can or cannot a change of pitchers take place in an amateur match game of baseball?..... The rule does not sufficiently explain the question?"..... The rule is very explicit in allowing a change of pitchers. The rule is the same in both amateur and professional matches.

BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—1. Steamers leave this city for Charleston, S. C., on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from Pier 29, N. R. You can get the rates by writing to J. W. Quinlard & Co., 177 West street. 2. We do not know anything about the Baltimore line.

NELLIE, Canada.—Your best plan would be to write to James Redpath, at Lyceum Bureau, Boston, Mass., who is the manager of the American Literary Bureau, Cooper Institute, in this city, detailing your previous career and your wishes for the future.

C. F. M.—1. Stern, it is claimed, walked a mile in 7min. on the Athletic Club Grounds, Mott Haven, but it is maintained that he violated the rules. Ed. Mullen has a record of 10 miles in 1h. 52min., made at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., in 1873.

J. H. M., Boston.—The point is a subject for a protest and not a question. In the latter capacities, as it is the umpire's duty to see that the score, by which he decides which is the winning club, is correct.

J. H. BROWN, St. Louis.—Sam Patch jumped from a platform on the Canada shore, seventy-six feet high, but it wasn't the Genesee Falls, Rochester, that he lost his life in.

J. H. G.—1. Really talented writers find but little difficulty in getting their ideas put in print. 2. There is such an agency, but you can attend to the business just as well by submitting your MSS. to be read.

T. McD., Staten Island.—The receipt alluded to comes to hand too late for publication. It should have been forwarded during the Winter.

J. S., Washington.—1. No, nor anyone else. 2. He is in England. 3. The Georgia Minstrels are composed of colored men.

OLD SPORT, Harrisburg.—Edwards and Collyer fought thrice in the ring. Cam's jaw was fractured in the second fight.

BOSTON BOY.—The Collins was never light-weight champion of America. He held by Billy Edwards, with whom Tim once fought a draw.

A FRIEND OF POOR CHARLEY.—It would be highly proper; but it would be politic to wait a little time under the present state of affairs.

J. MCC., Boston.—The religious belief of professional persons is not a proper subject for discussion in these columns.

GARRICK.—There is only one way to insure future success in the dramatic profession, and that is to commence at the beginning, and work your way up.

D. M., Saddleback.—1. He resides at Dremet, near Lowell, Mass., and plays occasional star engagements. 2. They are not traveling.

T. F. B., Jr.—1. At the Academy of Music, Sacramento, Cal. 2. A sister. 3. Leading or leading juvenile. 4. She is. 5. No. 6. No. 7. About 36 years.

MUSE, Philadelphia.—1. It is purely a matter of opinion who is the best tenor-singer living. The one you name holds very high rank. 2. It is against our rules to do so.

P. MORAN, Pittsburg.—No; he would be liable for all the penalties for violation of copyright, and his singing of it could be stopped by injunction.

T. H. B., Scranton.—They are generally saleable, but they may be obliged to proceed in a manner by the same process that created them. Consult a druggist.

J. C. G., Scranton.—1. The three eights win, the caller having said so after seeing them. You cannot take the card, but must be dealt another at once.

H. D. C., Washington.—C's high and low put him out. Jack counts as soon as turned up by the dealer; but in play it does not count until it is played or shown.

C. C. A., Baltimore.—1. D can take in anything that looks like "fives." 2. A could take in either the tens first, or the seven.

SHAWAH, Phila.—1. New York and Philadelphia. 2. By an occultist, possibly. Never tamper with your eyes. 3. It is a matter of individual taste.

FOOL, Boston.—You cannot compel a man to do anything, if he is a man. If he is a gentleman, he will acquiesce in almost any fair proposition in such a case.

Agreed.—If Hoyle did not include euchre in his book. 2. A can shuffle the cards, and so can the dealer after A has got through.

R. H., Cincinnati.—1. 2, 3. Shall have to write to Kear Orleans. See next week, possibly. 4. There is no record kept of such things.

C. H., Taunton.—We are not aware that he ever rowed a race; but a man bearing that name, nor did we ever hear of such a person before.

A READER, Canada.—1. Neither he nor any other person ever accomplished the feat you name. It is frequently advertised, but never performed. 2. In Europe.

A. H. JR.—..... any salary you may be offered, as it is your first appea... After you have achieved success before the public, y... think of commanding a salary.

FIRST BRANCH, ... NOR.—The two aces having been called "two" and "t...), B could not take them with his ace.

G. F. C., Lafayette.—If there was a referee on the ground, as there probably was, a decision from any other quarter would be out of order.

C. W. P., Nebraska City.—A hand containing two aces, a deuce, and a tray counts but fifteen, when the deck-head is also an ace. Let them show you how it counts sixteen.

A TEN-YEAR READER.—1. D cannot use the deuce on the board for that purpose. 2. You have no right to so play without having a six in your hand.

J. RAY, Baltimore.—We have no doubt that the gentleman is all you claim him to be, but we are not publishing such biographies now.

C. O. B., Lynn.—Though in the main correct, we know that it contains errors, and would therefore advise you not to bet.

A. G., Monticello.—No answers by mail. They do not employ boys.

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R. H., Cincinnati.—1,

BASEBALL.

PHILADELPHIA vs. ATLANTIC.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE CLIPPER.

The Atlantics of Brooklyn visited the City of Brotherly Love on Monday, May 3, and there played their first game this season with the Philadelphia Club, on the grounds of the latter. The weather was beautiful, but the attendance of spectators was unexpectedly small. Clack and Pabor made the prettiest catches marking the contest, Nichols also fielding admirably for the Atlantics; while Fulmer and Snyder did the best fielding for the Pearls. McMullin and Fisher made three-base hits, and Cassidy was credited with a couple of two-base hits. The score was as under:

PHILA'PHIA.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ATLANTIC.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, cf	5	1	2	1	0	0	Boyd, r f	4	0	0	2	0	1
McGeary, 2b	5	1	2	4	4	2	Kessler, ss	4	1	0	0	2	2
Addy, r f	5	1	0	1	0	2	Nichols, 3d b	4	0	1	4	5	1
Meyerle, 3b	5	2	0	0	0	0	Craig, 1st b	4	1	0	11	1	1
Fisher, p	5	1	2	2	2	0	Patterson, 2d b	4	1	0	1	1	2
Merman, 1 b	5	2	4	0	1	0	Cassidy, p	4	2	2	0	2	2
Fulmer, ss	5	1	0	4	2	1	Knowdell, c	5	0	1	2	1	4
Crowley, c f	4	1	0	3	0	0	Clack, c f	4	0	0	2	0	0
Snyder, c	4	1	0	8	0	1	Pabor, l f	3	2	0	2	0	2
Totals	44	11	8	27	8	8	Totals	36	5	5	27	12	15

Philadelphias	3	0	0	0	3	0	2	3	0—11
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	4—5

Runs earned, none. Bases on errors—Philadelphias, 11; Atlantic, 5. Umpire, Geo. Heubel. Time, 1h. 36m.

BOSTON vs. MUTUAL.

Fully three thousand people were gratified spectators of the contest on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 8, between the champion Red Stockings of Boston and the Mutual nine, the occasion being their first championship match together. The Bostons entered upon the contest with five victories to their credit, and the Mutuals with nine; and though the odds were on the visiting club, the Mutuals had plenty of backers in the pools. The game opened favorably for a close contest, but in the second inning the Reds got in their work on Mathews, and by successfully they secured six runs on as many base-hits, two being earned, and with this lead in their favor the contest lost interest. The Mutuals did not score a single run until the fourth inning, when they got in a single through Latham's failure to put his foot on his base. The fifth and sixth innings yielded the Bostons four runs, two being earned. This left the totals at 10 to 1 in favor of the champions, and the close of the Mutuals' ninth inning left the figures the same, nothing but Latham's mistake saving them from a "Chicago." The Boston's played a splendid fielding game, White's catching being a feature; Spalding's pitching, too, with excellent effect. Nelson and Gerhardt did the best fielding on the Mutual side, and Gedney the most effective batting. The umpiring was very good.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Start, 1st b	4	0	1	15	1	1	G Wright, s s	6	2	2	0	2	2
Holdsh, s s	4	0	0	0	6	4	McVey, c f	6	3	3	0	0	0
Nelson, 2d b	4	0	0	2	2	2	Barnes, 2d b	6	1	3	1	3	0
Booth, r f	3	0	0	1	0	0	Spalding, p	6	0	2	0	2	0
Gerhardt, 3b	4	0	1	1	6	3	Leonard, l f	6	2	4	3	0	0
Hicks, c	3	0	0	4	1	1	White, c	6	4	4	13	1	1
McGee, c f	3	0	0	2	0	0	O'Rourke, 3b	5	0	1	2	0	1
Gedney, l f	3	1	1	3	3	0	Latham, 1 b	5	1	1	13	0	1
Mathews, p	3	0	0	2	3	2	Manning, r f	5	1	3	2	0	0
Totals	33	1	5	27	18	15	Totals	51	11	19	27	14	4

Mutual	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1
Boston	2	4	0	1	0	0	3	1	0—11

First base by errors—Mutual, 2; Boston, 7. Runs earned—Mutual, 0; Boston, 5. Umpire, Mr. Blodget of the Arlington Club. Time, 1h. 45m.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

FOR APRIL, 1875.

The season of 1875 opens very favorably for a series of first-class exhibitions of the beauties of the game, the average of the winning scores for the first month of the season just expired exceeding any other record known in the history of professional play. The best average in 1873 was in May, when the winning scores got down to an average of 9 runs and 27 over to a match, the losing average being 4 and 14. The average of all the other months were in double figures, the smallest being 10 and 32 in June, while the April average in 1874 was 12 and 0 over for the winning nines, and 4 and 7 for the losing; the best average of the season being that of May, viz., 8 and 38 over, with 4 and 23 for the losing nines. The average for April, 1875, falls to 9 and 2 over for the winning nines, with 3 and 5 for the losing, the best figures on record.

Up to April 30, inclusive, nine of the thirteen clubs had played in regular championship contests, and the first month of the season closes with the Bostons in the van and the Athletics and Hartfords standing second and third, as follows:

	Games.	Won.	Lost.		Games.	Won.	Lost.
Boston	4	4	0	New Haven	3	0	3
Athletic	4	3	1	Centennial	3	0	3
Hartford	2	2	0	Washington	2	0	2
Philadelphia	3	2	1				
Atlantic	3	1	2	Totals	24	12	12
Mutual	3	0	3				

The record showing which clubs have won and the clubs they have defeated is as follows. The clubs are given in alphabetical order:

	Athletic.	Atlantic.	Boston.	Centennial.	Hartford.	Mutual.	New Haven.	Philadelphia.	Washington.	Won.	Played.
Athletic		0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	3	7
Atlantic	1		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3
Boston	1	1		1	1	1	0	2	0	7	7
Centennial	0	0	0		0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Hartford	1	1	0	1		1	0	0	0	4	6
Mutual	1	1	0	1	0		0	0	0	3	6
New Haven	0	0	0	1	0	1		0	0	2	5
Philadelphia	1	1	0	1	1	1	1		0	6	6
Washington	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0		1	3
Games lost	5	4	1	7	3	4	3	2	1	30	46

The full record by dates for April is as follows:

April 19, Boston vs. New Haven, at Boston..... 6 to 0
April 21, Boston vs. New Haven, at New Haven..... 14 3
April 24, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia. 7 3
April 22, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia. 7 5
April 24, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Hartford..... 6 5
April 26, Philadelphia vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia. 10 7
April 26, Boston vs. Washington, at Washington..... 9 2
April 26, Atlantic vs. New Haven, at New Haven..... 3 2
April 27, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Hartford..... 10 1
April 28, Philadelphia vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia. 14 1
April 29, Boston vs. Washington, at Richmond..... 22 5
April 30, Mutual vs. Centennial, at Brooklyn..... 4 3

Totals..... 110 41

Average of winning nines for April, 9 and 2; of losing nines, 3 and 5. It will be seen that the only "Chicago" in the arena this year was that of the first game, by the champions on the memorable 19th of April, the Centennial Day at Concord and Lexington.

The championship contests arranged to be played in the metropolis this month thus far are as follows:

May 5, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Union Grounds, at 3:30 P. M.
May 6, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Union Grounds, at 3:30 P. M.
May 11, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
May 12, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
May 13, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
May 14, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
May 17, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
May 19, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
May 20, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
May 21, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
May 31, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
May 31, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.

The record for May to the day of our going to press is as follows:

May 1, Athletic vs. Philadelphia.. 4 to 2
May 1, Centennial vs. New Haven, at New Haven.. 12 6
May 3, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn..... 9 4
May 3, Hartford vs. Centennial, at Hartford..... 13 3
May 3, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia... 11 5

THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN VIRGINIA.

Boston vs. Washington.

The first professional championship match ever played in the South took place on the Fair Grounds at Richmond, Va., on April 29, on which day the Boston and Washington nines, under a special engagement, met in a championship match in the presence of over two thousand spectators; and from the report in *The Richmond Dispatch* of the day following we glean that, though not about as partizan a gathering as any country village could present, the crowd behaving like city "roughs" towards the gentlemanly umpire, while their prejudices were shown in their exhibition of favoritism for Washington, or what they considered as the "Southern nine" against the Northern or Massachusetts players. The minority of the better class present, of course, resented this rural style of thing; but the shouts of the majority ruled supreme. If this is to be the result of the playing of games in Richmond, the Northern clubs had better keep away, for such a ball and baseball arena sectional ill-will was something all would refrain from.

The ground was rough, and the fielding necessarily below the standard exhibited on our local field, but the play was so infinitely superior to anything ever seen in Richmond, that the spectators were delighted.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.	WASHINGTON.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, ss	6	1	1	0	2	0	Parkes, l f	4	1	1	6	0	0
McVey, c f	7	2	1	2	1	0	Holly, c f	5	1	2	1	0	0
Barnes, 2d b	7	3	2	1	2	0	Mills, 3d b	5	2	3	1	3	0
Spalding, p	7	2	3	0	3	0	Allison, r f	4	0	1	0	0	0
Leonard, l f	6	3	2	0	1	0	Terry, 1st b	4	0	0	13	0	2
White, c	6	4	4	7	1	1	Resler, 2d b	4	1	0	2	4	0
O'Rourke, 3d b	6	3	3	1	2	0	Force, ss	4	0	0	0	6	3
Latham, 1st b	6	3	1	11	1	1	Gilmore, c	4	1	1	2	1	3
Manning, r f	6	2	3	0	0	0	Stearns, p	3	1	1	1	4	1
Totals	57	22	23	22	17	6	Totals	37	5	8	27	15	12

Washington	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Boston	0	12	1	3	0	0	0	0	4—22

Runs earned—Boston, 8; Washington, 2. First base by errors—Boston, 8. Washington, 6. Total bases—Boston, 30; Washington, 10. Umpire, Thomas Reath. Time, 1h. 55m.

The next day the Bostons visited Petersburg, and played a game with the Old Dominion club of that city, winning with ease by the muffin score of 43 to 3. Over two thousand people enjoyed the display made by the Bostons, the assemblage including over two hundred ladies. There was not such partizan ill-will shown as in Richmond, though loud cheers were given for the Old Dominion players against the "Boston Yanks." The score:

BOSTONS.	O.	R.	I.	Old Dominion.	O.	R.	I.
Gee, Wright, s s	5	1	1	McKinney, c	4	1	0
McVey, c f	4	3	2	Delany, 2d b	5	0	2
Barnes, 2d b	3	5	2	May, l f	3	0	2
Spalding, c	3	5	4	Nichols, 2d b	3	2	1
Leonard, l f	2	6	2	McCandlish, p	2	1	1
White, r f	3	6	2	Lamoin, s s	2	1	1
O'Rourke, 3d b	1	8	6	Pritchard, 1st b	1	0	0
Cathoni, 1st b	1	7	1	York, r f	1	0	0
Wright, p	3	5	5	R. Ragland, c f	3	2	1
Totals	27	46	38	Total	27	3	9

Boston	16	4	3	0	4	3	0	3	0—46
Old Dominion	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0—3

Runs earned—Boston, 7. Umpire, Mr. Jo'n Manning. Scorer, Prince Bolton. Time of game, 2h. 10m.

On Saturday, May 1, the Bostons again play'd and defeated the Washingtons in Richmond, and this time they d feated them by the following score:

BOSTON.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.	WASHINGTON.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s s	7	2	3	0	3	1	Parkes, l f	4	0	1	1	1	0
McVey, c f	7	3	3	2	0	0	Thompson, r f	5	0	0	5	1	3
Barnes, 2d b	7	3	2	1	2	2	Dalley, 3d b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Spalding, p	7	2	3	0	3	0	Latham, 1st b	4	0	1	11	0	1
Leonard, l f	7	2	3	3	0	1	Terry, c f	4	0	0	1	0	3
White, c	7	4	4	13	1	1	Resler, 2d b	4	0	0	2	5	2
O'Rourke, 3b	6	3	3	1	3	0	Force, s s	3	0	0	3	3	3
Latham, 1st b	6	1	2	4	0	0	Gilmore, c	4	0	1	2	3	5
Manning, r f	6	3	2	1	1	0	Stearns, p	3	0	1	1	0	1
Totals	62	24	27	27	7	5	Totals	33	0	5	27	12	15

Boston	1	1	9	0	1	1	6	0	—24
Washington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

First base by errors—Boston, 11; Washington, 5. Runs earned—Boston, 2. Umpire, Mr. H C. Schafer. Time, 2h. 5m.

The effect of the visit of the professionals to Virginia was the organization of a new club in Richmond, called the Pacific Club, by a number of young gentlemen residents of Broad street, on Thursday evening, April 29. The following-named gentlemen were selected officers: Henry Bocchen, president; John Herring, vice-president; Frederick Holdy, treasurer.

HARVARD vs. BEACON.

The Harvard and Beacons played their first game together on the Boston Grounds on Saturday, May 1. The Harvards made four runs in the first inning on three base-hits and errors, and then failed to bat until the fourth, when they punished Beals badly, so that a change in the field was made, Hodges going in to pitch. Coming to catch, and Crane to second. From this on the Beacons began to play, the slow, irregular delivery of Hodges—an old Harvard player,—completely mastering his old comrades, who popped up fouls and easy flys. The Beacons did nothing at the bat until the fifth inning, when, after two were out, they got into a lively streak of batting, four base-hits in quick succession giving them as many runs. In the eighth inning they also made four runs, on one base-hit and numerous errors by the Harvards. The game, though the number of errors was large, abounded in brilliant plays. The fine outfielding of Briggs and Latham, the effective pitching of Hooper, and Hodges and Lloyd's base-play were notable. Lloyd made a remarkable catch in the second inning of a hot liner from Hooper's bat. Leeds did the best batting. The score is as follows:

HARVARD.	T.	R.	I.	P.O.	A.	E.	BEACON.	T.	R.	I.	P.O.	A.	E.
Leeds, s s	6	3	3	2	1	3	Lamb, r f	5	1	2	3	0	0
Latham, r f	5	3	2	3	0	0	Briggs, l f	5	1	2	4	0	3
Hooper, p	5	2	1	2	3	0	Crane, c	5	0	1	2	0	5
Tyng, 3d b	5	2	2	1	1	3	Lloyd, 3d b	4	1	0	1	6	1
Lee, 1st b	5	1	1	9	0	1	Nunn, s s	4	0	0	1	2	1
Thayer, 2d b	5	2	1	1	1	1	Hodges, 3d b	4	1	0	1	2	3
Brust, c f	5	1	0	1	0	1	Cutting, c f	4	2	0	2	0	1
Power, l f	5	0	1	0	0	0	Beals, p	4	0	0	0	1	0
Thatcher, c	5	0	0	7	3	6	Elliott, 1st b	4	1	1	1	4	0
Totals	46	12	11	27	9	15	Totals	39	8	7	17	7	15

Harvard	4	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	3—12
Beacon	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	4	0—8

Runs earned—Harvard, 3; Beacon, 2. Total base-hits—Harvard, 15; Beacon, 8. Bases on errors—Harvard, 6; Beacon, 7. Bases on called balls—Harvard, 3. Umpire, A. M. Barnes, Beacon Club. Time of game, 1h. 49m.

YALE VS. NEW HAVEN.—In a game played in the City of Elms, April 29, the Yale College nine defeated the New Haven team by the appended score by innings:

Yale	3	3	3	3	7	0	3	0	0—25
New Haven	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

ABOUT D. D. CHAMBERLIN.—The following note does not require explanation:

MR. J. ST. LAWRENCE is notified of a letter addressed to him in our care.

ATHLETICS vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The second championship game between the Athletics and Philadelphias was played on their grounds at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 1. The heavy rain that fell on the morning of that day, and the threatening appearance of the weather about the time appointed for play, doubtless kept many away; still, there must have been about fifteen hundred spectators, and a more excited or enthusiastic assemblage it would be hard to find. The Athletics were out in their full strength, while Murnan in the place of Malone was seen in the ranks of the Philadelphias on this occasion. The betting was heavy, the Athletics ruling as favorites at the odds of 100 to 40. The ground was in comparatively good condition, considering the recent rains; and the afternoon, though cloudy, was favorable for play. The toss was won by the Athletics, and the game commenced promptly at the appointed time, four o'clock, with George Heubel—well known from his former connection with the Forest City Club of Cleveland and the Athletics—in the umpire's position, which he filled satisfactorily and impartially throughout. The Philadelphias jumped off at once with the lead, a miss of Force's and the wild throwing of Clapp giving two unearned runs on two single-base hits. The Athletics did not score until the second inning, when an excusable miss of Schaffer's, followed by a fine line-hit of Richard's, allowed McBride to make a run. The two runs scored by the Philadelphias in the first inning proved to be, however, all that they made in the game, although in the last eight innings five clean hits were made by them, and the fielding errors of Sutton, four, and Force, Anson and Hall, one each, allowed eight more men in these innings to reach first base, only to share the fate of being forced out, splendid double-plays being made by Richmond, Force and Anson in the second, fourth and seventh innings. McMullin was also thrown out by Clapp at second, and McGeary put out while running on a fine hit by Addy. The Philadelphias, although they could not score themselves, managed for five innings to prevent their opponents from getting an additional run, and also retained the lead by a score of two to one up to the end of the seventh inning, the Athletics in these five innings having made but two clean hits, a splendid double-play on called balls—Beacon, 3. Umpire, W. L. Estes of Lynn. Time of game, 1h. 30m.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.	PHILA.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Force, s s	5	0	0	1	4	2	McMullin, l f	4	0	1	7	0	1
Clapp, c	5	0	1	4	1	3	McGeary, 2b	4	0	0	2	5	1
Addy, r f	5	1	1	3	0	1	Addy, r f	4	0	1	3	0	0
Fisler, r f	4	1	3	0	0	0	Meyerle, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	1
Sutton, 3b	4	0	1	1	0	4	Fisher, p	4	0	1	3	0	0
Hall, l f	4	0	1	2	0	0	Murnan, 1b	4	1	1	6	0	0
McBride, p	4	2	2	2	1	0	Fulmer, s s	4	0	1	2	1	1
Richmond, 2b	4	0	1	6	5	0	Schaffer, c f	5	0	0	2	0	1
Eggler, c f	4	0	0	2	0	0	Snyder, c	4	0	0	5	0	2
Totals	39	4	8	27	11	11	Totals	37	2	7	27	6	8

Philadelphia	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Athletic	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	—4

Runs earned—0. First base on errors—Philadelphia, 8; Athletic, 4. Double plays—Richmond, Force and Anson, 2; Richmond and Anson, 1. Umpire, George Heubel. Time, 1h. 40m.

HARTFORD vs. YALE.

The Yale College nine for 1875 made their first appearance in Hartford, Ct., this season on May 1, when they played the new Hartford nine on the latter's grounds, in the presence of about one thousand spectators. Up to the eighth inning the game was close and interesting, Yales having made but three fielding errors, and the Hartfords scoring but four runs, the one in the second only being earned. In the eighth, however, the Hartfords got the hang of Avery's delivery, and batted him terribly, earning two runs on the start, which had a demoralizing effect on the Yales, who began to throw badly, allowing the Hartfords to add two unearned runs to those already gained. Errors in the ninth inning gave the Hartfords another run, which left the score at the finish 9 to 0. Although the Yales reached third base several times, they were unable to score owing to the effective delivery of Cummings and the fine fielding of the Hartfords, who are credited with but two errors. The Yales are apparently a stronger team this year than they were last, and if their average play through the season proves as good as in this game and that with the New Haven professionals, they have a good show to fly the college pennant in '76. The score:

HARTFORD.	R.	I.	P.O.	A.	E.	YALE.	R.	I.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allison, c	0	1	4	4	1	Hotchkiss, c f	0	0	0	0	0
Burdock, 2d b	1	1	2	1	0	Carter, 2d b	0	1	2	2	1
Carey, ss	2	0	0	2	0	Knight, r f	0	0	2	0	0
Cummings, p	1	1	0	4	1	Avery, p	0	2	1	5	3
York, l f	2	2	1	0	0	Bigelow, 3d b	0	0	2	2	0
Ferguson, 3d b	1	1	1	3	2	Jones, 1st b	0	0	17	0	0
Remsen, c f	2	2	2	0	0	Maxwell, c	0	0	5	0	1
Mills, 1st b	1	1	12	0	0	Smith, l f	0	0	0	0	0
Bond, r f	0	0	0	0	0	Wheaton, s s	0	2	0	2	1
Totals	9	13	27	13	2	Totals	0	6	27	16	8

Hartford	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	5—9
Yale	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Hartford, 3. Bases on errors—Hartford, 4; Yale, 1. Struck out—Hartford, 2; Yale, 2. Umpire, Chas. Daniels. Scorer, B. Douglass Jr. Time, 1h. 30m.

LIVE OAK vs. BEACON.

A closely-contested and exciting game was played on the Lynn, Mass., baseball grounds, on Saturday, April 24, between the Beacons of Boston and Live Oaks of Lynn, in the presence of about five hundred spectators, the cold east wind which sprang up at noon keeping many away. The pitching on both sides proved very effective, while the batting was rather weak, the Live Oaks excelling at the bat. The Live Oaks also did the better fielding, except behind the bat, all of the Beacons' runs being made on errors by McGlynn. The fine outfielding of Lamb and Briggs, and the good base-play of Lloyd and Moore of the Beacons, and T. Hawkes' pretty short-stopping, were noticeable. Whitney took the lead at the bat. The Live Oaks sent Madden in to pitch after the sixth inning, Record playing third. The umpiring of Mr. Estes was generally satisfactory, with the exception of one very questionable decision, in giving Moore out on first base in the sixth inning.

BEACON.	A.	R.	I.	P.O.	A.	E.	LIVE OAK.	A.	R.	I.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lamb, r f	5	0	1	4	1	2	T. Hawkes, ss	5	1	1	2	3	1
Briggs, l f	5	1	0	4	1	0	Whitney, 1f	5	1	2	1	0	0
Crane, c	4	1	0	0	1	3	Madden, 3d b	5	0	1	2	4	1
Lloyd, 3d b	5	0	0	2	4	1	Niven, 1st b	5	0	1	8	1	3
Nunn, s s	4	1	0	0	1	3	S. Record, r f	5	0	1	3	2	1
Hodges, 2d b	4	0	1	0	2	3	McGlynn, c	4	0	0	6	0	8
Moore, 1st b	3	0	0	15	0	1	White, p	4	2	1	0	1	0
Beals, p	3	0	0	1	5	1	G Hawkes, c f	4	1	0	2	0	0
Barnes, c	5	0	0	7	0	0	Cashman, 2 b	4	0	0	4	1	1
Totals	36	3	3	27	14	14	Totals	41	4	7	27	12	15

Beacon	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—3
Live Oak	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0—4

Runs earned—0. Total base-hits—Beacon, 3; Live Oak, 7. Bases on errors—Beacon, 4; Live Oak, 8. Bases on called balls—Beacon, 3. Umpire, W. L. Estes of Lynn. Time of game, 1h. 30m.

CHICAGO vs. FRANKLIN.

The first game in which the White Stockings have taken part this season was played at Chicago, Ill., April 24, their opponents being the amateur Franklins, who were beaten.

CHICAGO.	R.	I.	FRANKLIN.	R.	I.
Higham, c	3	2	Duffy, s s	1	1
Hastings, r f	2	3	Reed, 2d b	0	0
Warren, 3d b	2	3	Cardiff, 1st b	0	0
Devlin, c f	4	5	W. Fogley, 3d b	0	0
Hines, l f	3	1	O'Laughlin, 3d b	0	1
Keerl, 2d b	3	1	Woodlock, r f	0	0
Peters, s s	3	3	J. Foley, c f	0	0
Glenn, 1st b	5	4	Charleston, c	0	0
Zettlein, p	3	3	Gilien, p	1	0
Totals	31	27	Totals	1	3

Chicago	2	2	2	4	10	1	2	5	3—31
Franklin	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

PHILADELPHIA vs. CENTENNIAL.

A new inclosed ball-ground at Gloucester, N. J., was inaugurated on the afternoon of April 29, by an exhibition game between nines from the Philadelphia Athletic and Centennials, each exchanging their change-pitchers. The contest was a tedious and uninteresting one. Weather cloudy and cold. About five hundred persons were present.

CENTENNIAL.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.	PHILA.	T.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, p	4	0	0	1	5	0	Lovett, p	6	2	3	0	1	0
Bechtel, r f	4	0	0	1	0	0	Crawley, c	6	1	2	6	1	3
Craver, c f	4	0	1	0	0	0	Murnan, 1 b	6	2	2	10	1	0
Trenwith, 3 b	4	1	1	2	1	2	Meyerle, 3d b	6	1	2	5	6	
Tracy, l f	4	0	0	1	0	0	Fisher, l f	6	0	1	0	0	0
Warner, c f	3	0	0	1	0	0	Murnan, 1 b	6	2	2	10	1	0
Sm'th'rite, 2b	4	0	0	5	3	1	C. Fulmer, s s	6	4	4	3	5	0
McGinley, c	3	0	1	3	3	1	Schafer, c f	6	1	1	1	0	0
Abadie, 1st b	3	0	0	15	0	0	Snyder, 2d b	6	2	5	1	0	0
Mason, r s	3	1	2	0	5	0	W. Fulmer, r s	6	3	3	0	1	0
Total	37	2	5	30	18	8	Totals	53	17	23	30	15	5

Centennial	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2
Philadelphia	0	2	1	4	2	4	3	0	1—17

Runs earned—Philadelphia, 5. Bases on errors—Centennial, 6; Philadelphia, 10. Double play—McGinley and Somerville, 1; Somerville and Addy, 1; Lovett, Snyder and Murnan, 1. Umpire, F. G. Malone of the Philadelphia. Time of game, 1h. 50m.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CONTEST.

The first game between the Wood and Archer Clubs of Philadelphia, for the amateur championship of that city, was played on the 27th ult, and resulted in the following remarkable score:

J. N. WOOD.	O.	R.	ARCHER.	O.	R.

A REMINISCENCE OF CONEY ISLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAT McARNO.

I went to the island of Coney,
In accord with my own sweet will,
And of brandy I drank a pony,
And of clams I partook of my fill.
And I walked in the face of the ocean
On the treacherous sea-beat shore,
And my soul it was filled with emotion
That I never had felt before.

I longed for the wealth of the Astors,
The wisdom of poets and sages,
The skill of the grand old masters,
The strength of historical ages;
And I said: "If I only had money
It would ope to all honors the door!"—
All this on the island of Coney,
As I walked by the sea-beat shore.

Then there fell on my vision a stranger,
Of modest demeanor and air,
Who appeared like a genuine Granger,
With the seed of the hay in his hair.
And he laid his right hand on my shoulder,
And I saw, what I saw not before—
A board on a three-pronged holder
Stuck fast in the sea-beat shore.

Near the board stood a party, most pensive,
In a heavily-colored mousseline,
And a hat that was quite comprehensive,
And three cards that he threw with a dash—
Three cards that he threw while I wondered,
As each fell in its separate place,
Why he offered to bet us a hundred
That we couldn't distinguish the ace.

He thought us a couple of asses,
And of that there is no denial,
For the Granger, though greener than grass is,
Picked the ace on the very first trial.
And thus he aroused my cupidity;
Indeed, it were strange had he not,
For there on the back—what stupidity!—
Of the ace was a little black spot.

I wagered my watch and my breastpin,
And some twenty-five dollars in tin,
Right glad of a chance to invest in
A game that was certain to win.
The cards they were daintily shifted,
But I kept my eye sharp on the spot;
And I, as that card I uplifted,
Said, "This is the ace." *But 'twas not!*

I am older to-day, and am wiser.
Dear reader, don't *you* be a dunce;
If you go to the island, don't try, sir,
To jump into fortune at once.
For there, on the island of Coney,
As you ponder my sad story o'er,
Beware, if you value your money!
Of the beats on the sea-beat shore!

ONE MAN'S HONOR;
OR,
ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MATTIE HAWKINS.

A great night in the dramatic world had been anticipated in the presentation of the sensational comedy "Betrayed" at one of the leading theatres in New York. The press had heralded it industriously, and in terms of praise, so that theatre-goers were on the most painful *qui-vive* to see it, and judge for themselves of its merits. Men had discussed it at their club dinners with an assumption of knowledge and a non-committal judgment which characterize the dramatic power of high life; and women chatted about it over their fragrant Formosa tea in a manner decidedly feminine. Outside the *beau monde* it was talked about too, and many were the longings among the poorer classes to see it, and many the means to gain them admittance. But times were hard, and the charges for even the "family circle" could scarcely be spared for pleasure, at the sacrifice of something necessary for food or clothing. Among the great throng who thus reasoned was Alice Waring—a bookfolder in a large publishing-house. Alice was more than an ordinary desire with her, and it required but little amount of moral strength to put the temptation from her. To be an actress, and personate the grand characters of Shakespeare—to hold an audience riveted to her every word and gesture—in short, to win for herself fame and greatness in this envied profession, had been the golden dream of her life. But how to accomplish it is the next question, for the girl has no influential friends to whom she can apply for "letters of introduction" to prominent actors or managers. She might go to her employer, who has taken so kindly an interest in her, but she knows that, although the old gentleman is fond of attending theatres, he would object to her entering a profession of such publicity, and would veto it strongly. As for that gentleman, he has a dim perception that Alice is different from the other girls by whom she is surrounded. There is an innate refinement of speech and manner, an indescribable something that marks her as superior to her associates. He has noticed, too, her extraordinary passion for the drama. Not infrequently has she accompanied him and his wife to theatre or opera, and he has marked her rapt attention, the quick response of feeling evoked by the play, and her fine criticism at its close. At such times he had vaguely wondered if the girl was not fitted by nature for something more in harmony with her tastes than the rather mechanical pursuit she was engaged in; but such a thing as having her educated for a literary or professional career never entered his practical mind.

"So for years Alice has "worked at her trade," and earned thereby sufficient to support herself and her mother comfortably; but all the while there has been this restless desire for something better and brighter. Of late she has been unusually discontented, when, right in the midst of her dismal reflections, she receives a joint invitation from her employer and his wife to accompany them to one of Booth's theatres on the opening night. The prospect makes work, even bookfolding, endurable—though she counts the days and even the hours that must intervene before that eventful night.

While Alice is reveling in her anticipated pleasure, the leading actress in the play comes and rehearses her part with a pathos and a force that gratifys the manager into paying her the highest encomiums.

"You surpass even yourself, Miss Henderson. You couldn't throw more passion and feeling into it if it was your own history you were reciting."

"Thanks. I'm glad you are satisfied," replies the actress briefly; but her heart beats wildly at his words, and she wonders if it is possible for him to have heard any of that history she guards so carefully. She looks at him again, but the man's face betrays nothing, and her fears are quieted.

The all-important night has at last arrived, and as early as half-past seven the large theatre is filled. It is nearly eight, however, before two ladies and their escort enter their box on the left of the proscenium—Alice in palest-gray silk, with crimson trimmings, and crimson flowers in her hair. More than one admiring glance rests upon the little beauty as she takes her seat. She is of medium height, slender and graceful; the features are small, but perfect; large brown eyes, and hair of a chestnut hue, which is brushed loosely from the face and coiled at the back. The complexion is devoid of either powder or rouge, and as delicately tinted as an infant's. It would be next to an impossibility for a pretty girl to be unconscious of her beauty in this nineteenth century, and Alice is perfectly well aware of the admiration she excites; but the curtain has risen, and she is oblivious to everything but the scene before her—the actress in her rich trailing robes, and the beautiful home scene, which briefly survey the audience and in their circuit rest casually upon *her*—casually at first; but the glance is prolonged into a wistful, thrilling, passionate look, which makes Alice tremble—she scarcely knows why—and wonder dreamily where she has seen the face before. The actress does not look in that direction again. She knows it is not safe for the success of her part; so she controls the emotion that passing glance has aroused, and concentrates all her energies upon the role she is assuming. She has never acted so well before. From the first scene, where she wanders in her father's house, innocent and happy, to the last, when, despoiled of her womanhood, blighted and forsaken, she seeks death by her own hand, this woman carries the audience as if spellbound. The curtain falls amidst a storm of applause, bouquets are hurled madly through the air, and the actress is loudly called for. She comes before the curtain and bows her acknowledgments; but her eagle eye irresistibly turn to the proscenium box, and rest longingly upon *that* face, which has so strange a fascination for her. It is only for a moment. She bids the audience good-night and disappears from their view, beautiful, envied, and unhappy.

In the privacy of her chamber that night, Olive Henderson gives herself up to her reflections. No need of control now, and until the gray light of dawn she keeps vigil with her thoughts, rocking herself to to and fro in that most touching attitude of grief, and sobbing pitifully the while.

"Oh, Alice! Alice! How it conjures up the wildest fancies of my brain, and awakens memories I had hoped were dead. Can it be that she is my child? Are these wild yearnings for her presence—this tumult of feeling—but the natural response of a mother brought in contact with her offspring? O God! do with me as Thou wilt, but give me this hope to comfort me."

She looks back at her youth, looks back and sees herself in a quiet New England home, surrounded by every comfort that loving hands could bestow, and leading a life of calm, unruffled happiness, until *he* came and wrought the change that has so shadowed her past. He is a naval officer, rich and aristocratic by birth, and, though he woos her openly enough, there are specious reasons that, he tells her (reasons a woman never yet could understand), make it imperative that when they marry, it must be secretly. The girl recoils from anything like deception, but she is soon to admit that she loves him—nay, she will consent to wait for him until they can be married openly, even though it be twenty years. A little opposition increases his ardor. He woos more persistently, and when, two weeks later, he receives an invitation to take command of a ship in the Chilian Navy, and sails for Valparaiso, he bears with him a secret, one that her lips are sworn by an oath not to disclose.

The weeks lengthen into months, and Robert Fenning does not return, nor do any tidings of his whereabouts reach the girl waiting so patiently his coming. And in the midst of her anxiety for him her greater trouble comes—a trouble that whitens her father's hair, and changes her mother from a tender and affectionate parent to a proud and reserved woman whom none dare question or pity. But both are unrelenting in their severity to Olive. She is made to feel her disgrace keenly; yet, though her heart smarts and aches under the burden of their reproach, she never blames him—never allows his name to be coupled with her misfortune.

It is some time after her illness before Olive gains courage to ask for the baby, and then her mother's stern answer restrains her from a repetition.

"Olive," replies that lady, "let us drop this subject forever. It is humiliating to me, and should be odious to you; but your conduct seems to have destroyed every sense of delicacy you possessed."

"Let me ask just one question, mother, and then I will be silent. Was it a boy or a girl?"

"It was a girl," responds Mrs. Lennox grimly, and that ends the conversation forever.

Slowly Olive regains her health, but she is no longer the courted belle of society. She is taunted with her transgression by the very urchins in the street; and, though she does not blame them, neither can she hear their gibes, and so she flees from her persecution down to this great maelstrom, New York.

"I will be an actress," she says; "and, perhaps, after I win fame (for I *shall* win it), mother will be so glad that she will overlook what I have done, and let me be to her what I used to be."

The girl has wonderful talent—a veritable passion for dramatic art. Long before she had entered her teens she had learned every word of Lady Teazle, and the rose-colored rhapsodies of the unfortunate Juliet, and had recited the passionate speeches before select audiences, who, enraptured with her elocutionary displays, hung on her words with unvarying delight. Here, indeed, was the highest capacity for dramatic greatness. So she sees agents and managers; and, after procuring an opportunity for an appearance on an off-night, being "coached" by an adept, is successful enough to receive an offer for a leading position at once. From that time her talent is an undisputed fact—her triumph perfect.

It is thought by most pharisaical people that actors and actresses are "of the earth earthy," and therefore are not church-goers. Olive Henderson proved an exception to this theory. Without being a member of any church, she attends divine service in some Episcopal sanctuary every Sabbath, be the weather fair or foul. It so happens that one Sunday morning, about four weeks subsequently to the opening at ——'s Theatre, she attends worship at the Church of the Bleeding Heart. The singing is soothing, the sermon remarkably fine, and altogether Olive feels strangely at peace with herself and all the world. After the benediction, as she is slowly making her exit with the crowd, someone accidentally steps on her train, and, turning, she beholds the fair occupant of the proscenium box. She gives an involuntary start of surprise, and then, scarcely knowing what she does, extends her hand. Alice grasps it cordially, for she has recognized the actress, and is in a tremor of happiness at the prospect of making her acquaintance. As for Olive, now that the opportunity has come, she finds herself incapable of making other than the most commonplace remarks upon the weather, the sermon, or anything save the one important topic—the girl and her history.

"I live only a few blocks from here," Alice says, as they enter a side street; "and if you would not be shocked at our very plain surroundings, we would be delighted to have you come in and remain to dinner—my mother and I."

Olive winces a little, but accepts the invitation gladly, although she is conscious of doing a very unconventional thing; but she cannot stand upon ceremony when so important an issue is at stake. She will face any emergency when interests so vital hang upon her actions. So, as I have said, she accepts the invitation, and in a few moments is conducted by Alice into their humble but pretty apartments. The rooms are daintily furnished, each object suiting its particular corner as perfectly as if it had been made to order for that very spot. There is no vulgar attempt at display, and Olive, glancing round the apartments, recognizes the perfect taste that is everywhere apparent, and mentally concludes that it is not "such a very humble abode after all." Alice explains and introduces Olive to her mother all in one breath, and Mrs. Waring greets the actress cordially, as it is her custom to welcome anyone her darling fancies; for Alice is the very apple of her eye, and has been petted, indulged and idolized to her heart's content. Olive sees in Mrs. Waring a middled-aged, placid-looking woman, whose years have come upon her gently, with increase of bulk, perhaps, and a subsidiary chin or two. In spite of city life, she carries about her an atmosphere of the country, and, on it complicuously in her dress and conversation. Olive looks keenly from one to the other, but can trace no resemblance between the coarse but kind features of the elderly dame and the refined, classical profile of Alice. The contrast makes her giddy with hope and expectation. She longs for an opportunity to question this woman—to bring things to a climax without further delay, and end this uncertainty. It is maddening to her to keep perfectly quiescent, to join in the conversation with seeming interest, to feign an appetite and relish for the substantial repast spread before her; but, notwithstanding the torture of suspense, she affects an interest in the talk that is carried on, and partakes of the viands with an evident liking that is gratifying to both her old and her young hostess.

In Olive's society, Alice forgets her shyness, and speaks of her dramatic ambitions, her longings for renown, her hope of some day gracing the stage as one of the grandest types of American greatness. The girl is wondrously excited. Her cheeks—the hazel eyes are fevershly bright; and, catching the girl's spirit, Olive answers enthusiastically:

"You shall be all that. Fame such as few have known shall be yours, if you will only apply yourself diligently towards its accomplishment."

Mrs. Waring interrupts hastily:

"What's the use of filling the child's head with such fancies? It's better for her to stop at her bookfoldin' than to be wastin' her time thinkin' of such folly."

"I mean just what I say," Olive answers, a trifle excited now. "I will give her every advantage to make her a popular actress; and if she fails, it will be her own fault."

"Well! well! there's no use talkin' about it of a Sunday. Alice, you needn't mind about the dishes. I'll do them up myself, and you just run along to Sabbath-school; for I'm afraid you're late. Miss Henderson will excuse you under the circumstances, and maybe we can prevail upon her to wait until you return."

It does not take much urging, for Olive perceives a possible opportunity for a confidential interview with Mrs. Waring; so she promises to wait, after which Alice dresses her mind in a perfect whirl of excitement, which is scarcely conducive to spiritual profit.

After she goes, conversation flags for a while. The dame busies herself about household matters, and Olive carelessly turns over the leaves of a photographic album, her mind occupied with the one absorbing query—How shall she introduce the important subject upon which, to her, hang such tremendous results? The leaves are turned faster and faster in her excitement, until suddenly her eyes become riveted upon its pages, and she cries out hoarsely: "For God's sake, woman, how did you come by these?" pointing, as she speaks, to two pictures representing a man and a woman somewhere in their thirties, and seeming, to Olive's distempered imagination, to look out at her with severity and reproof.

At the exclamation the old lady drops her wiping-cloth hastily, and, approaching Olive, peers over her shoulder. She is scarcely less agitated than the actress. The withered hands shake visibly, and the face is ashen in hue. Twice she essays to speak, but the words fail to come.

"Why don't you answer me?" cries Olive impatiently. "I am not asking you an idle question. I have a right to know how you came by them."

"What right?" gasps the old woman warily. "Who are you,"

"I am the only child of John and Mary Lennox of Elmsville, Massachusetts," said Olive. "Now will you answer me?"

"You are not trifling with me?" whimpers the dame. "You are Mary's child *sure*?"

"Yes, sure," repeats Olive, smiling, in spite of herself, at the woman's earnestness.

"I believe you; but I must say I never thought Mary Lennox's child would be the one to question me. But that's neither here nor there. You have asked how I came by the pictures, and I'll tell you the story, though my history is pretty well connected with it. Somethin' like thirty years ago, I lived in Elmsville, Massachusetts. From our earliest infancy your mother and I had taken a strong fancy for each other, which, as the years went by, ripened into a close friendship that nothin' to this day has weakened. Well, when she married your father, and they moved into the house next to ours, we were more intimate than ever, if possible. I can remember, as plain as though it was yesterday, how we fixed up an arbor in your father's back orchard, and how we used to bring our sewing there every pleasant day in Summer; and sit and talk and plan for the future—the future that in every way has been so different. Things went on in this way for two years, until I married and came down here to live; for, you see, my husband was a butter agent, born and raised in New York, and settled here, for that matter. The day I was married, your mother came over bright and early to help me fix up, she said. I can see her now, flitting about here and there, putting flowers in the parlor and sitting-room, and trying for my sake to appear happy, though I saw her, every now and then, put up her apron slyly and wipe away the tears from her eyes, right in the middle of a song. You were a little tot of a thing then, only a year old, with all the world like them cherub pictures they have on Broadway, though I must say you'd whip them out all holler for purty looks. Just before your mother went home that mornin', we went out into the arbor for a last talk, and there she gave me a daguerreotype of herself and your father. The photographs you have seen were taken from them."

"That is not all," says Olive significantly, as the old lady pauses.

"It answers your question, and tells you how I came by them. That is what you wanted to know, isn't it?"

"Yes; but it doesn't satisfy me. I want you to go farther and tell me how you came by—Alice."

"Alice?" echoes the old lady faintly. "Does she not call me mother?"

"Yes; but, for all that, I believe she is ——"

"Whose?" Mrs. Waring clutches Olive's wrist in her bony fingers in a grip like iron, as she asks the question.

"Mine," replies the actress in a low voice.

A mingled look of consternation and fear rests upon the dame's face as she listens. She relaxes her hold on Olive, and the tears, one by one, roll down the faded cheeks.

"I see it all now," she says presently, "and I know just how it will end. You will take her away, and I shall be left all alone in my old age, and I can't stand it." Sobbing bitterly.

Olive is touched.

"My good woman, I have no such intention. I can well understand how all these years she has grown to be part of your life, and I owe you too large a debt of gratitude to so cruelly ignore your claims upon her. But, pray, go on and tell me all. You must know how interested I am."

"How far had I got?—oh, I remember. Abel and me were married, and came right down here, and set up housekeepin' in two rooms; but Abel's health wasn't good, and he broke down, and died about ten years after. Then I took in plain sewin', and, with what we had contrived to lay up, I got along very well. One bright September afternoon, nearly seven years ago, I had just come in from takin' some work home, when I heard a low rap at my door, and, when I opened it, who should stand there but your mother. I was that weak you could have knocked me down with a feather, and before I had time to say a word she burst right out cryin', and says she:

"'Sally, I've come to you in the greatest trouble of my life. You won't fail me, will you?'

"'No, I wont,' says I. 'Whatever it is, Sally Waring will stand by you. So just chirk up and tell me what it is, and what I can do for you.'

"That seemed to kind of comfort her, and then, for the first time, I noticed she had a baby in her arms, and I knew at once that her trouble was about that child. Then she got up and put it in my arms, and said, so sorrowful like that it made my heart ache:

"'This is what you can do for me. Ask me no questions, but take this child and bring it up as your own. I will send you money from time to time for her support until she is old enough to earn her own living. It is a great deal to ask of you; but, if you value my happiness, take her from my sight.'

"So she left the child, and I have tried to be a mother to her, so that to this day she does not know but what she is my own."

"And mother—is she living?" asks Olive softly.

"The last letter I had from her was upwards of a year ago. She wrote that your father had died, and she was very lonely."

"She must be," says Olive, breaking down in a paroxysm of sobs. "If I could only go to her! But she, like my father, may die believing me ——" And she stops suddenly, and Mrs. Waring pats the chestnut braids of hair, and says soothingly:

"Don't give way, poor dear. Perhaps we can fix it yet. I've been wantin' to go up to the old homestead for years, but I couldn't leave Alice alone, and I couldn't take her with me. So ——"

"I have it," breaks in she Olive, with a great deal of her old impulsiveness. "Alice must enter upon her studies for the stage right away; and, while I am superintending them, you take a little trip East and see what success you will have as a peacemaker."

The old lady consents quickly, and an early day is appointed for her departure; but Alice is uppermost in her thoughts, and she asks, with some little hesitation, if she shall be made acquainted with her parentage.

"Not by any means," replies Olive emphatically. "There are reasons why I cannot tell her now. No; let our relations stand just as they are, until circumstances make it prudent to reveal them."

Before the dame has an opportunity to answer, a light step is heard on the stairs, and presently Alice enters, her small, decided face all aglow with happiness. In a transport of bliss, she listens to the arrangement for her immediate preparations for the stage. At last the dream of her life will be realized.

I will pass over the next year, and pick up the thread of this narrative when Alice is eighteen. It is the evening of her debut on the dramatic stage, and in consequence the theatre is filled from pit to dome. The play is "The Lady of Lyons"—one well calculated to bring out the best forces of Alice, and place her favorably before the public. The curtain rises at half-past eight, and Alice is before the spectators. At the round of applause greeting the debutante, she shyly lifts those dark eyes of hers to the multitude, curtesies, and, with every nerve braced for victory, plays her part with a fervor and a passion that fairly carry the house by storm.

Among the interested spectators is a man somewhere in his forties, with a grave, thoughtful face, and an absent, preoccupied manner quite in harmony with the countenance. All through the play his eyes are fixed with a keen, questioning look upon the little debutante, as though she were some ghostly spectre of his fancy.

"*Can* it be she?" he murmurs half audibly, as the curtains falls for the last time. "It cannot, and yet it *must* be Olive. I cannot be mistaken in that face, or in the voice whose musical tones have haunted my memory all these years. Is my weary search at last to be rewarded, or is it but the deluded fancy of a weakened brain? The question must be answered at once, or I shall go mad."

In five minutes he is at the stage entrance; states his errand to the rather confused doorkeeper, slips a ten-dollar bill into his hand, and in response to that seductive appeal is soon ushered into the presence of Alice.

"You must pardon me," he says, as she advances towards him, her manner showing unmistakable annoyance; "but I—are you ——?" He gets no farther, for just then he spies another figure, and that one holds him speechless. The face is like Alice's, only paler, more matured, and more gloriously beautiful.

"Olive!"

"Robert! O Robert! you have come back to me!" and behind the scenes there was now a play more touching and stranger than the footlights had shown upon that night.

Robert Fenning's story was briefly told. When he parted with Olive to go on that eventful voyage, eighteen years before, he had expected to return in a few months; but his ship was wrecked on a coral reef off the coast of the most southern of the Friendly Islands, and he, with most of his crew, was cast ashore. They were taken prisoners by the savages and held in bondage for several years, until they chanced to make their escape by boarding a whaling-ship that came near the coast. By this vessel they were taken to Honolulu, and from there embarked for San Francisco. Reaching that city, they succeeded, after some little delay, in making their way to New York.

"It was only by chance," he concludes, "that I visited this house to-night, and the rest is due to ——"

"Our daughter," interrupts Olive softly, drawing Alice towards her and kissing her tenderly.

"*Your* daughter!" repeats Alice, the hazel eyes widening with surprise. "Am I *really* your child? How strange it seems, and how glad I am that the grandest woman I ever knew is my mother."

The reunion is here interrupted by the callboy, who hands Olive a note. She looks at the superscription, and recognizes the irregular chirography of Dame Waring. The note contains the startling information that her mother is in the city—nay, is at her daughter's house, and, with all the yearning of one who has for so many years been separated from her child, was waiting to embrace her.

"The old adage, 'It never rains but it pours,' seems to be verified in her case to-night," says Alice, as she is made acquainted with the contents of the letter. "I only hope that my exit from the stage may be accompanied by as many blessings as those which cluster about my debut to-night."

A carriage was called, and the strangely-united family was driven rapidly to Olive's residence. And there the meeting of mother and daughter was as intensely exciting and tender as the little domestic drama behind the scenes.

"Mother," said Olive, after the first rapturous greeting was over, "I have long deceived you. The daughter whom you have believed to be dishonored has for eighteen years been the wife of this gentleman—Mr. Robert Fenning—who, you must remember, was appointed to a command in the Chilian Navy. Within a few days before his departure we were secretly married, and, for reasons which were paramount at that time, he bound me by an oath not to betray our relations until he permitted me."

"Poor Olive! how you must have suffered from our suspicion," says Mrs. Lennox, reproachful tears dimming her eyes as she speaks. "Your father always said you could vindicate yourself if you would."

"I am so thankful for that," replies Olive. "But there is more, mother. The child whom in the harshness of your judgment you exiled from my arms now stands before you."

With a cry of joy, Mrs. Lennox springs towards Alice and kisses her affectionately.

"My darling! I could love you for your own sake; but I shall love you now for yours and your mother's."

Perhaps this sketch would end more artistically if, after the pleasant denouement, our Alice withdrew from the glare of the footlights, and sought the sweet retirement of private life. But, as a chronicler of simple facts, I am forced—or shall I say pleased?—to record that she did neither thing. She treads the boards to-day, with the added grace of matured years; and possibly, my patient reader, you have been thrilled by that same magnetism which won for the pretty bookfolder the plaudits of an audience years ago.

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I saw him thrice—the first time was
When in his manly pride,
He struck the town, and walked the streets
With histrionic stride;
A champagne-basket held his "props,"
And "gas" was all inside.

That evening at our new town-hall
I saw him once again,
Portraying, in appropriate gloom,
The "Melancholy Dane;"
And, that there was no "expenses" in,
To me was very plain.

Once more, I heard the clock strike five;
The landlord soundly slept:
While softly down the hotel stairs
I saw the actor crept:
He smiled a self-complacent smile
As out the door he *stepped!* J. H. B.

A Highly Moral Town.

By the following circular, sent us by a correspondent in Mahanoy City, Pa., it will be seen that the authorities there are bestirring up some new laws for the benefit of the people. Mahanoy must be a nice, quiet town for a pious man to live in. Read "the bill of the play:"

LICENSING ACT, 1875.
MOST IMPORTANT.

We are informed that the following supplementary regulations are under the consideration of the government, as "addenda" to the new Licensing Act:

1. All theatres, music halls, and other places of amusements, to be closed at 8 P. M.

2. Private houses must have their lights out by 9 P. M. The police have orders to report any infringement of this regulation.

3. Any person found in the streets after 9 P. M. will be apprehended and treated as a rogue and vagabond.

4. Smoking will be strictly prohibited, both in the streets and in private houses.

5. Persons wishing to give a private party must make application to the Chief Constable of Police, who will grant a special license, or not, as he thinks fit; in no case is such special license to extend farther than 10 P. M.

6. Any person whistling in the streets may be taken into custody and fined $40.

7. Persons accompanied by their wives must, before entering any public house, tavern, theatre, or other public place, deliver their marriage certificate to the landlord, bookkeeper or policeman; otherwise they will not be admitted.

8. Any person arriving by railway after 9 P. M. to be lodged in the nearest police-station till next morning.

9. That he who held the door of your house be left unlocked and unbarred, so that any policeman or Good Templar spy may enter into all the chambers thereof at any time; that he provide and demand that you furnish them with a lamp or candle, and show them the contents of the above-named chambers.

10. In case any of the above clauses shall be objected to by workingmen or their friends, then be it enacted that there be two constables appointed for each workingman, who shall wake him every morning, and convey him, properly handcuffed, to his place of work, and in the evening carefully see him locked in his own room, until he be required to work again.

11. Unless all workingmen in the country swear that the licensing magistrates are infallible in judgment and perfect in virtue, they shall be treated as rogues and vagabonds.

The above regulations are applicable only to the working and middle classes, who cannot afford to become members of clubs.

All licensed victuallers to report themselves periodically to the police authorities same as "ticket-of-leavemen," in accordance with the provisions of the "New License Law."

THE MAN WHO WANTED INFORMATION.

Yesterday noon while the people around the office except the "head reporter," were at dinner the smell of smoke suddenly became apparent, and a fat man, smoking a big pipe, came toiling up stairs. When he had recovered his breath and taken a seat he inquired:

"Is der big editor what knows everydings in?"

"No—gone to dinner," was the reply.

"Und he shall come back purty soon?"

"In about two hours."

"I can't wait so quick as dat; I haf to go to a funeral."

"Did you want anything?"

"Yes, I wants to know some dings about dat Peecher scandal. You zee, one day about dree months ago a fellow comes mit my saloon and he says: 'Did you hear noddings about Mr. Peecher?' und I say nix, und he say Mr. Peecher shtole corn.'

"Yes."

"Und der next day when I went home my wife says: 'Did you hear nodding about Mr. Peecher?' Und she said Mr. Peecher shtole a dog."

"Yes."

"Und when I was in der street gar a man says: 'Hello, Mr. Kitterman, what you dinks about Mr. Peecher?' Und I says no man can be a goot man who vhill steal a dog. Und den everybody laughs und winks, I don't know about it."

"Yes."

"Und when I was in der Zitty Hall a man shtrikes me on der back, und says: 'Hello, old frent, is Mr. Peecher guilty?' Und I said I dunno, und he said Mr. Peecher hiret a man to blow up a church mit a barrel of bowder."

"Yes."

"Und den when I was in Dearborn a man looks pretty sharp at me und says: 'You lif in Dedroit, don't you?' Und I said I lif in Dedroit. Und he says: 'What is your shudgment on dat Peecher pisiness?' Und I said noddings. Und he said Mr. Peecher had a fight mit a zircus man."

"Yes."

"Und when my pig boy come home from Doledo he say: 'Fadder, what you dinks about dot Mr. Peecher?' Und I says I dunno, Hans. Und he says Mr. Peecher got some glose und shumped der dailor's bill."

"Yes."

"Und when I goes home or in der street gar, or mit my saloon, or in der postoffice, somebody say somedings about dot Peecher pisiness, and I dunno. Who is dot Mr. Peecher? Where he lif?"

"He is a great preacher, and he lives in Brooklyn."

"Zo? Und what he do?"

"He got one of these tobacco boxes with a needle in the cover, and carried it around in his pocket. When a man tried to open it the needle went into his thumb about twenty-five feet."

"Is dat boseible?"

"Yes, and he had his vest pocket made so deep that a cigar would go clear out of sight, and he kept it full and deceived the public."

"My soul! but is dat so?"

"Yes, and he kreeps an old wild-cat bill in his wallet to lend out when a man wants to secure the loan of a dollar for a few minutes."

"Vhell, I deglares! Ven a preacher shall do like dat we shall wonder vhat next. Zo dot der Peecher pisness, eh? Vhell, vhell."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COURSING IN DAYS OF YORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Some forty years ago, being then a youth of eighteen, I was advised by my physician to engage in outdoor employment, on account of being the unfortunate possessor of a rather weak pair of lungs. As my father was a manufacturer, I was duly installed as salesman, and visited most of the large cities of England and Scotland. Although weak lungwardly, I was passionately fond of outdoor sports, especially racing and coursing; and as I was not restricted as to my route, I made it a rule to take in all the "meetings" that I thought would turn out exciting. As I kept a record of various events, besides having a number of works, papers, etc., appertaining to these matters of that period, it often enables me to pass many pleasant hours in "dreaming" over past events.

At that time England had three events that might be called national—Racing, Cricket, and Coursing. The former was *the* great sport of England; and not only were thousands of pounds expended in raising stock, but the betting often ran to enormous figures. Cricket was played then as now—no city, school, village, or hamlet being without its cricket club, matches being played then, also, between counties, and North *vs.* South, with varying success.

Now, as to the former, this country has become a formidable rival, and the prospects are that before many decades it will even surpass fair Albion in her favorite pastime. Cricket also, as I see by your cricket department, is making pretty big strides here, being influenced, no doubt, by the success of the ballplayers in England last Summer. Thus you see that two events of national importance in former times have lost that title, leaving now only coursing as the great national sport of England.

These thoughts were brought to mind by reading an article in a recent number of THE CLIPPER on the great coursing meeting of Altcar. Although having lived in this country twenty-one years, and having been a reader of your paper for somewhere in the vicinity of fifteen years, besides taking occasionally some of the other papers devoted to the sports of the turf, I do not remember ever having read of a coursing meeting in this country. Indeed, in England they trace their greyhounds' pedigree with as much care and accuracy as they do that of the horses; and, if you get into conversation with some one of the old trainers of the dogs, he would trace and enlogize the pedigree of both sire and dam as glibly as his brother-trainer of the horse. For instance, I will give the pedigree of Baron, who won the South Cup two years in succession, 1833 and 1834. Baron was by Blue-stocking out of Fly. Sire was by Mr. Clarke's Arrow, he by Col. Mellish's Arrow. Dam by Racer, by Ruber, by Stretcher, the winner of this cup in 1817. The dam's dam was by a son of Col. Mellish's, which won this cup in 1812. Some of these dogs brought good prices—Vivid, a puppy, bringing 37 guineas at auction.

Some people will ask: What sport is there in letting two dogs loose on a poor, timid hare? My answer would be: Go and see. Give the hare one hundred yards start, slip the hounds, and I'll be surprised if you cannot find sport in seeing those two dogs trying to get the best of that hare, and at the same time each trying to excel his rival. Now rushing on with all speed—now, like a skillful general, watching his opponent's weak point—so does the hound, by skillful manœuvres, show its mettle by the way it counteracts the hare's cunning actions. But "pussy," on the other hand, does not intend to remain idle. Life is sweet, and she does not mean to give it up without a struggle. Right gallantly she drives ahead with the speed of an arrow, but the dogs soon turn upon her flank. Without a moment's thought, she turns like a flash, and with lightning speed is back on her own track—or doubling, as we call it. But the hounds are soon after her again, away they go, and pussy is again hard pressed; but one flank is open—away she darts that way. The dogs are not slacking and ultimately, after a hard struggle by pussy, she is obliged to give up the ghost. But it is not always the dog that causes pussy's death that wins the prize. Sometimes it is one that has shown the most skill in blocking the hare in all her manœuvres, or one who gains the most points, that wins the day. Judges, following on horseback, decide on this matter.

Many and many a time I have put myself out of the way to witness one of the exciting meetings, while it would take a pretty powerful magnet to keep me away from the great meetings of the turf; and for about eighteen years I was about as great a habitue at the turf and coursing meetings as any of the old "regulars."

During 1836 there were no less than thirty-eight meetings, some of them having very heavy-sounding titles to their prizes. The Louth meeting, one of the best of its day, had such titles as Cup and Sovereigns, the Oaks Stakes, the Derby Stakes, the Derby Stakes, the Conservative Puppy Stakes; Mr. Bartholomew, an ardent admirer of this splendid sport, having a hand in all the stakes, seven in all, and in six out of the nine matches, which took place after the regular stakes, winning the Sovereigns in the St. Leger, the stakes in the Oaks and Derby and three of the matches, besides one being undecided. At Altcar, then for Cup and Sovereigns, Fudge won the former and Minikin the latter. At Southport, in Lancashire, about nineteen miles north of Liverpool, the following stakes were run for, occupying three days: Allage Cup, by Helen; the Puppy Stakes, by Ophelia; the Ridgeway Stakes, by Haricot; the Fleetwood Stakes, by Sambo; the Scarisbrick Stakes, by Miss Martin; the Bold Stakes, by Miss Martin; the Hoghton Stakes, by Bright; the Crosson Stakes, by Farey; the Southport Stakes, by Marquis; the Church-town Stakes, by Nelsin; Mr. Orrell running the first, second, sixth, tenth and a match. The Barton-upon-Humber Club had the following: The Cup, by Lass of Isle; the Appleby Carr Main, by Agamemnon; the Barton Stakes, by Lorenzo; the Ancholme Stakes, by Midnight; the Derby, by Newark; the Oaks, by Victoria. The Ashdown Park, first meeting: The Cup by the Glams; the Derby Stakes for Dog Puppies (a la Epsom), by Fly-by-night; the Oak Stakes for bitch puppies (a la Epsom), by Charcoal; Weyland Stakes (first-class), by Naldi; Weyland Stakes (second-class), by Magistrate; the St. Leger Stakes (50sovs. each), by Magazine; Craven Puppy Stakes (3sovs. each), by Flirt; Craven Alleged Stakes, by Larry; Lambourn Puppy Stakes (first-class), by Preserve; L. P. S. (second-class), by Flirt; Lambourn All-Aged Stakes (second-class), by Glenlyon. Second Meeting: The Cup and Sovereigns, by Nat Trick the former, and Cressida the latter; the Claret Stakes, by Larry; the Craven Stakes (first-class), by Iron; second-class, by Coxcomb; the Ashdown Stakes (first-class), by Flapdragon; second-class, by Isabel; the Molyneux Stakes, by Fugleman; the Scrub Stakes by Consul. Mr. Fleetwood won the second, seventh, tenth, sixteenth and eighteenth. The Cockney Club had the Puppy Cup, by Fop; Jenner Stakes, by Racer; the Sebrthewen Stakes, by Pink; First-class Stakes, by Ringneck; Second-class, by Pewitt; Third-class, by Black-cap; Fourth-class by Chorus. Second Meeting: The Cup and Goblet, the former by Beau, the latter by Cranberry; Jenner Stakes, by Rosette; Netherhaven Stakes, by Tawney; the Enford Stakes (first-class), by Carmine; second-class, by Pistol; Selby Stakes, by Convict. Mr. Elmore won the second, eighth and tenth. The Newmarket Meeting: Arlington Hill Stakes for Bitch Puppies, by Rowena; the Cup, by Diamond; the Chippenham Stakes for Dog Puppies, by Cardinal; Port Stakes, by Verity. Second Meeting: The Cup, by Verity; Arlington Hill Stakes (same conditions as before), by Daylight; the Chippenham Stakes (as before), by Ivanhoe; Port Stakes, by Vanquish; the Rutland Stakes, by Fairy; Newmarket Stakes, by Diana. Mr. Vipan won the Port Stakes each time. The Deptford Inn Meeting: The Derby Stakes for Dog Puppies, by Fly-by-night; the Cup, by Woodbine; Oaks divided between Adeler, Mouse and Flirt; Fisherton Stakes, by Haynut; Stockton Stakes (divided between Huff and Garland; First-class of Berwick Puppy Stakes, by Glee; Second-class divided between Enus and Wonder. Second Meeting: For the Claret (5sovs. each), by Elsfer the stakes, and Diocese the sovereigns; the Ladies' Plate, by Iron; the Sherry Stakes, by Isabel; the Huff Stakes (first-class), by Mr. Hardwick; second-class by Garland; Berwick Stakes, by Waltz. The Harewood Meeting: The Cup, by Gulnare; All-age Stakes (2sovs. each), by Sportsman; Dog Puppy Stakes (2sovs. each), by Voltaire; Bitch Puppy Stakes (2sovs. each), by Sister to Voltaire; Goldsbro' Stakes, by Bruiser; Dog Puppy Stakes (2sovs. each), by Remus; Bitch Puppy Stakes, by Countess; second All-age Stakes, by Elcho. Second Meeting: The Cup, by Bruno; All-age Stakes, by Leader; Goldsbro, by Tam O'Shanter; Ladies' Stakes (5sovs. each), divided between Hiera, Piera and Glitter; Sweepstakes (3sovs. each), by Rocket; Second Sweepstakes, by Verjuice; Third Sweepstakes, by Mortimer;

BASEBALL.

MUTUAL vs. CENTENNIAL.

The new Centennial Club nine, under the experienced management of the veteran Hicks Hayhurst and the captaincy of "Haymaker" Craver, put in a first appearance in the metropolis on April 30, on which occasion they met the Mutual nine for the first time, the latter playing their opening match in the championship arena on this day. The Centennials occupied a favorable position for a victory, inasmuch as they had played three championship games together, and had practiced since the last of March; while the Mutuals had only played in three practice games. Despite the facts in the case, those who invested in pools went in at odds on the Mutuals to the wild extent of 25 to 8, no such odds being warranted. The weather was favorable, the ground in fair condition considering the recent rains, and the attendance numerous for this season of the year. The two nines appeared in uniforms so much alike that they were scarcely distinguishable, except that the Mutual brown was rather the lighter color, and the Centennials had the letter C on their shirts instead of M.

Play was called by Martin, the famous slow-pitcher, at 3:40, at which time the Mutuals went to the bat, the Centennials having won the toss. Start opened with a chance for a foul tip, missed by McGinley, and then made his base by a hot bounder to Bechtel, who failed to get the ball to first base in time. Nothing came of the error, however, as the next three men gave easy chances for retirement, Bechtel's pace bothering the Mutual batsmen.....The Centennials now faced Mathews for the first time; and Craver, getting a ball to suit him, sent it flying out of Gedney's reach, Craver reaching his second base safely. Two wild pitches then gave him his run, after which Lovett took his base on called balls; Mathews not getting down to his work in this inning. A passed ball gave him his second base, and on Bechtel's hit to "Holdsworth Lovett got off his base, and the former, failing to handle the ball in time to cut off Bechtel, threw to Nelson and captured Lovett. Nelson handling the ball quickly. By a wild pitch Bechtel took second base, and on Trenwith's safe hit he came home. Treacy then hit safely, and, on a passed ball, he got to the second, Trenwith preceding him home. The next two then struck out, and this ended the first inning, leaving the Centennials with the good lead of 3 to 0, one run being earned.

From the first to the sixth inning the contest was close and interesting, the fielding on both sides being excellent and the pitching effective. In the second inning Gerhardt made the first base-hit for the Mutuals, Nelson making one in the fourth inning, and McGee one in the fifth, while on the Centennial side McGinley made a base-hit in the second, Treacy a two-baser in the third, and Craver a single in the fifth. The close of the fifth inning left the totals at 3 to 0 in favor of the Centennials, and Hayhurst about this time smiled approvingly on the boys.

In the sixth inning the Mutuals began to realize the importance of doing something at the bat, and by way of a send-off Joe Start hit an old-time "corker" to centre-field, out of Warner's reach, on which he cleared two bases, Mathews having preceded him with a short safe grounder, the latter scoring an earned run on Joe's hit. Holdsworth was then prettily caught out by Somerville by a well-judged catch, and, after Nelson had sent Start home by his safe grounder, Booth was well caught by Lovett, Gedney having opened a fly to Treacy, who took in everything within reach in his best style. As the Centennials failed to score in this inning, the total's at the close of the sixth were left at 3 to 2, with the Centennials still in the van.

In the next two innings neither side added to their score, both supporting their pitchers well. The last inning was now commenced amidst quite a feeling of exciting interest among those of the Mutual partisans who had backed them at such odds. It was "do or die" with the Browns of New York, and at one time it looked rather dying for them, for Joe Start was disposed of at the start by Treacy, and Holdsworth had a life given him on a foul bound by McGinley. After this, however, Holdsworth hit safely for his base, and, as Nelson hit a fair foul to the right and made his base, Holdsworth got round to third on Abadie's hasty throw of the ball to cut off Nelson. On Booth's hit Holdsworth ran in, the ball being thrown home instead of to first base, McGinley handling it well just as Holdsworth went over the base, and on the ground with a somerset. This tied the score, and, as Nelson got round, a lucky passed ball enabled him to add another run, the Mutuals thereby leading their opponents' score. The next two were then retired, and now the Centennials went in to make the winning runs. Treacy hit a ball to Holdsworth, who muffed it, and on a poor throw of Hicks' to second he reached that base safe. Warner was then disposed of by Holdsworth on a ground ball, and on Somerville's safe hit Treacy took third. Things now looked favorable for at least a ten-innings game, but the next two men were captured by Hicks, and up went the ball as Hicks put out the last victim, the Mutuals winning by 4 to 3.

Of the Mutual play, Hicks is especially entitled to credit, as also Gerhardt, the latter playing his position finely; Nelson led at the bat. On the Centennial side, Treacy's outfielding was the feature, Lovett also playing in his position prettily, as did Somerville. The third base was not so strongly guarded as it should be; Craver led at the bat. The Centennials are men of good physique, and their play shows that the club has acted wisely in taking in so many amateurs. They will train up to a strong team if well managed. The score:

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CENTENNIAL	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Start, 1st b	4	1	1	11	0	0	Craver, s s	4	1	2	2	2	0
Holdsw'th, s s	4	1	1	0	4	2	Lovett, c f	4	0	0	3	0	0
Nelson, 2d b	4	1	3	1	2	0	Bechtel, p	4	1	0	0	2	2
Booth, r f	4	0	0	0	0	0	Trenwith, 3d b	4	1	1	1	0	2
Gerhardt, 3d b	4	0	1	0	4	0	Treacy, l f	4	1	2	3	1	0
Hicks, c	4	0	0	14	2	4	Warner, c f	4	0	0	1	0	1
McGee, c f	4	0	1	0	0	0	Somerville, 2d b	4	0	1	4	2	1
Gedney, l f	4	0	0	1	0	0	McGinley, c	4	0	1	3	1	4
Mathews, p	4	0	1	1	0	0	Abadie, 1st b	4	0	0	7	0	2
Totals	39	4	8	27	12	10	Totals	36	3	7	27	8	12

Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	3	4	
Centennial	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—3

First base by errors—Mutuals, 6; Centennials, 2. Runs earned—Mutual, 2; Centennials, 1. Umpire, Mr. Martin of the Atlantic Club. Time of game, 2h. 5m.

In the fourth inning Nelson was decided out on two foul-strikes for stepping forward of the lines of his position, that being the new rule.

ATHLETIC vs. CENTENNIALS.

The first championship game between the Athletics and Centennials of Philadelphia was played on April 27 on the latter's new ground. The attendance was very good, considering the threatening appearance of the weather, about fifteen hundred persons being present, and they were amply repaid by witnessing a remarkably well-played game; the batting of both nines being very heavy, while the fielding was up to the highest standard of professional perfection. The Centennials gave their veteran opponents plenty of work on this occasion, outbatting them the first seven innings, when the totals of runs therein were a tie at five each. The Athletics, however, made a grand "old-time" rally at the bat in the eighth inning, and walked right away from the chocolate-hosed Centennials, winning with ease when all expected a very close score at the finish. The Centennials, as on the preceding day in their match with the Philadelphias, were without the services of two of their nine, Lovett not playing on account of the death of a brother, and Radcliff being unable to play by reason of sickness. The Athletics, who were out in their full strength, went first to the bat, and by the good batting and base-running of Force and a wild pitch were enabled to score a run. The Centennials tied this in the third inning by the fine hits of Mason, Bechtel and Trenwith. Each score l an unearned run in the fourth inning, the Athletics by a wild throw of Craver's, splendidly stopped however, by Abadie, and the Centennials by the good batting of Sommerville and Abadie. In this inning Treacy made the prettiest catch of the match, a splendid running and jumping one; and Hall made an almost equally brilliant foul-bound catch. Both were blanked in the fifth inning, but five base-hits being made by each nine up to this period, and the same standing a tie at two each. The Athletics hit hard and clean in the sixth inning, three base-hits—Force, Anson, Fisler, Sutton and McBride being credited with fine hits. Abadie distinguished himself by jumping for a high-line hit and holding it in grand style. The Centennials made four clean hits in this inning, but could only make one run, owing to a misunderstanding—finding two base-runners on one base, and leading to the retirement of one at home plate. The Athletics were blanked in the seventh inning, and the Centennials then scored a couple of runs on base-hits by Trenwith and Treacy, and excusable errors of Richmond's. The score now stood a tie at five each, and those who had been betting 100 to 25 on the Athletics began to feel a trifle nervous. The eighth inning, however, settled the question of victory, as the Athletics, by as fine a display of batting as has been witnessed for several seasons, made no less than nine runs before the third man was out. Splendid two-base hits were made by Hall, McBride, Force and Anson, and single-basers by Anson, Fisler, Sutton and Clapp; the only error in this long inning was on Eggler's hit, Sommerville stopping well the hot-grounder that had gone through Craver, but making a low and hasty throw. The Centennials were put out for blanks in the last two innings, the Athletics also failing to score in the ninth. It is seldom that a game is played in which the batting and fielding of both nines are so good as they were on this occasion. Force especially distinguished himself in batting, making a clean hard hit each time he went to the bat. Hall excelled in fielding for the Athletics; Craver, Treacy and Abadie doing the best work in the field, and Trenwith batting for the Centennials. The umpiring was impartial and satisfactory. The score:

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CENTENNIAL	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Force, s s	5	0	2	3	1	1	Bechtel, p	5	0	2	0	0	0
Clapp, c	6	1	1	5	0	3	Craver, s s	5	0	1	2	6	2
Anson, 1st b	6	3	3	6	2	0	Trenwith, 3d b	5	1	3	1	2	0
Fisler, r f	5	3	2	2	1	0	Treacy, l f	5	1	2	2	0	0
Sutton, 3d b	5	2	3	3	3	1	Warner, c f	5	0	0	3	0	0
Hall, l f	5	1	1	4	0	0	Somerville, 2d b	5	2	2	2	4	0
McBride, c	5	2	1	2	1	0	McGinley, c	5	0	2	12	0	2
Richm'd, 2d b	4	0	1	3	3	3	Abadie, 1st b	5	0	1	12	0	0
Eggler, c f	4	1	0	2	0	0	Mason, r f	4	1	2	2	0	0
Totals	46	14	18	27	11	8	Totals	44	5	14	27	12	9

Athletic	1	0	0	1	0	3	0	9	0	—14			
Centennial	1	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	0	—5			

Runs earned—Athletic, 7; Centennial, 2. First base on errors—Athletic, 2; Centennial, 5. First base on balls—Centennial, 1. Double-play—McBride, Richmond and Anson. Umpire, T. Murnan of Philadelphia. Time, 2h. 10m.

ATLANTIC vs. HARTFORD.

The Atlantics returned to Hartford, Ct., April 27, when they played the second game of the series with the Hartford nine, on the grounds of the latter club, in the presence of about 1,800 spectators, many of whom, judging, perhaps, from the fine display the Atlantics and made against the Hartfords on the 24th, and in their 3 to 2 game with the New Haven Club, expected to witness a close and exciting contest. The knowing ones, however, were betting long odds that the home team would beat the representative nine from the City of Scandals in two innings, offers which found willing takers. Game was called by Charles Daniels at 3:36 P. M., the Hartfords going first to the bat. Both sides were quickly disposed of for a blank in the first inning, Kessler and Carey alone making base-hits. In the second, after the Atlantics were retired in the order of striking, Ferguson and Remsen made good hits, the former scoring on passed balls, and the latter on Bond's clean hit to left. Allison earned his base by a safe fairful hit, Knowdell's bad throw to second assisting Bond to score. Allison came in on Carey's safe hit to centre, making for the Hartfords four runs in this inning, three of which were earned. In the third inning the Atlantics were disposed of in one-two-three order, as before; and after Pabor had captured York on a fly, Kessler failed to stop Ferguson's low grounder, and Nichols fumbled Remsen's short hit, and threw badly to first, letting Ferguson in, and giving Remsen his third, the latter scoring on Mills' fly to Boyd, which added two more to the Hartfords' score, which now stood 6 to 0.

In the fourth inning, Kessler and Nichols made clean hits, and were each assisted to a base by a wild pitch by Cummings. Crane then hit a grounder to Burdock, who, by an error of judgment, put the ball to first, instead of home. The result was, Kessler got safely over the home-plate, saving the Brooklynites from a Chicago, as this was the only run they got during the game. In this inning the Hartfords saw the visitors' run, and went them two better; Allison, Burdock and Carey making good hits, the former scoring an earned, and the other two on wild throws by Knowdell. Although good hits were made by Knowdell and Burdock in the fifth inning, and by Clack, Boyd and Allison in the eighth, no runs were scored on either side after the fourth until the ninth inning, when, after the visitors had been fielded out for a blank, and Boyd had captured Cummings on a fly, York and Ferguson made good hits, the former scoring on Patterson's fumble of Remsen's short-hit ball, leaving the score 10 to 1 in favor of the Hartfords. But three errors are credited to the Hartfords, who played a magnificent fielding game, and they batted Cassidy with less difficulty than in Saturday's contest. The Atlantics showed up weak at the bat, and also played a poor fielding game. The score:

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Allison, c	2	1	7	1	1	Boyd, r f	0	1	5	0	0
Burdock, 2d b	1	2	2	3	1	Kessler, s s	1	2	1	1	1
Carey, s s	1	3	1	2	0	Nichols, 3d b	0	1	4	4	2
Cummings, p	0	1	1	3	1	Crane, 1st b	0	0	9	0	1
York, l f	1	1	4	0	0	Patterson, 2d b	0	1	3	1	1
Ferguson, 3d b	2	2	0	2	0	Cassidy, p	0	0	1	6	0
Remsen, c f	2	1	1	0	0	Knowdell, c	0	1	1	1	5
Miller, 1st b	0	0	10	0	0	Clack, c f	0	1	1	0	0
Bond, r f	1	1	1	0	0	Pabor, l f	0	0	3	0	1
Totals	10	12	27	11	3	Totals	1	7	27	9	14

Hartford	0	4	2	3	0	0	0	0	1	—10
Atlantic	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Total bases—Hartford, 12; Atlantic, 7. Bases on errors—Hartford, 10; Atlantic, 1. Earned runs—Hartford, 4. Umpire, Chas. Daniels. Time, 1h. 50m.

Of the Hartford Club a local paper says: "The outfield is certainly as strong as any in the country, and it would be hard to pick up a better infield if one had the pick of the nines in the arena. One praiseworthy feature is the perfectly gentlemanly appearance of the men, who under Captain Ferguson are doing themselves, the club, and the city credit. The rowdy element is wanting this year, and the strict discipline observed on the field is what will win games, and may bring the pennant to Hartford."

ATLANTIC vs. NEW HAVEN.

In our past issue we gave the result by innings of the excellent game played by these clubs in the Elm City, April 26, and we now present the full score:

ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.		NEW HAVEN.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Boyd, r f	0	2	1	1		Geer, 2d b	0	0	1	6
Kess'[illegible], s s	1	2	2	7		Wright, s s	0	0	0	9
Nichols, 3d b	1	2	0	0		Luff, r f	0	0	0	0
Crane, 1st b	0	1	16	0		Banker, c	0	0	2	1
Patterson, 2d b	0	0	0	3		McKilvey, 3d b	0	1	0	0
Cassidy, p	1	1	1	0		King and Rook, p	0	0	1	0
Knowdell, c	0	0	4	0		Ryan, l f	1	1	1	0
Clack, c f	0	2	3	0		Tipper, c f	0	0	2	0
Pabor, l f	0	0	1	0		Nichols, p	1	1	0	4
Totals	3	10	27	16		Totals	2	3	27	20

Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	—3
New Haven	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2

Runs earned—0. Bases on errors—Atlantic, 2; New Haven, 3. Umpire, Charles Daniels of Hartford.

BILLIARDS.

GARNIER DEFEATS VIGNAUX.

There was a full house at Tammany Hall on the night of April 26, thanks to Garnier's having claimed forfeit on the previous Monday. At Chris. O'Connor's room, where Jimmy Cusick sold pools, Vignaux was the favorite at the rate of about $12 to $7; while at Maurice Daly's the tickets were 105 on Vignaux and 83 on Garnier. The big money was bet at the hall, and Professionals were the chief winners. Even when Garnier was 100 points ahead, the faith that was still strong in the Vignaux party led them to offer the odds of $100 to $70 that he would win. In the referee's chair was a form that, thinner than of yore, had long been missed from the metropolis. It was that of Philip Tieman of Cincinnati, who had not been seen here in that position since May 5, 1869, when Melvin Foster, by a score of 1,200 to 772, defeated A. P. Rudolphe for the four-ball championship, and who had not been in this city since his return from Europe in the Fall of 1871. On one side of Phil sat Isadore Gayraud as umpire for Vignaux, while the other sat Maurice Daly, keenly watchful of the interests of Garnier.

The match was not for the "championship of America," as has been erroneously reported, being merely for $500 a side; and it may be added, as being one of its humorous phases, that the check by which Garnier was represented in the main stake was drawn on a bank in which the drawer had never had any funds. This trifling irregularity, although known to the principal backer of Vignaux, was not objected to, inasmuch as, had Vignaux won the match, the $500 would have been forthcoming, irrespective of any check.

The score of the game tells a pitiful story. Vignaux struggled hard to win, but could not make headway. He was unable to get the balls in position to suit him; and, like John McDevitt, when he cannot do that, he is dead-gone, as the veteran James Kernan would say. It has never occurred to him before in a match. It is unfortunate for him, disastrous to billiards, that it occurred to him last Wednesday night. Coming so closely on the Brooklyn tournament, wherein games were deliberately sacrificed, the players "whacking up" finally, thus cheating the public and wronging the management, this game—played at a time when the air is sombre with rumors—is a cruel blow to billiards. There has not been a severer one since May 27, 1874, not forgetting that little inci-tent of the early morning of April 4 of that year, by which one great player holds another as if by a chain of iron. Many persons will think, and some few will say, that Vignaux purposely lost the game of Wednesday night last. This is not so. Players who wish to lose are never beaten badly. Had it been in Vignaux's power to have passively resigned that game to Garnier, he would have scored more than 258 points in forty-five innings. Instead of being beaten upwards of 300 points, he would have lost by less than 50, unless his antagonist had made a long run towards the close. Aside from this, there is another fact of great significance. After the game, the backers of Vignaux, satisfied that he had done his best to win, offered to make a new match for from $1,000 to $2,500 a side. Garnier declined to play under any considerations. Had there been anything wrong between the two, Garnier would have jumped at the chance for a new match. So the theory of a "toss" may be dismissed forever.

As to Garnier's performance in the game that now goes upon record, there is this to be said. He was playing upon velvet. He never has anything at stake, and he had already snatched the medal, the only thing he cared about in connection with this match. That he did not want the medal himself was apparent when he claimed it. He simply did not want Vignaux to retain it. As he could not, it was thought, win it from Vignaux, he snatched it away, leaving behind the $250 that should have accompanied it. He was entitled to the medal, he was also entitled to the money. Those who urged him on cared nothing for the money, however—all they desired was to take the medal away from Vignaux. This was an amazingly imprudent movement. The identical parties who applaud it were on the other tack in 1870. On Aug. 29 of that year, A. P. Rudolphe, who held the diamond cue typical of the four-ball championship, forfeited to Joseph Dion, under the rules. Dion did not, however, claim forfeit until Sept. 24. Not only was his claim then resisted, although it was conceded that Rudolphe had not put up the balance of his stake on time, but, in addition, Dion was required to postpone the match, which was not played until Oct. 7—sixty-eight days after Dion could legally have required Rudolphe to play it, and thirty-eight days after the time beyond which, under the rules, neither player could postpone it. The experiences of the two players are identical. Dion on that occasion abandoned his claim to a forfeit, was applauded by public sentiment, and got beaten in the match. Garnier adhered to his claim, got the medal, was not applauded by public sentiment, and was not beaten in the match. But in one respect the experiences of the two players are identical. Dion on that 7 made his best average at the four-ball game (minus the push shot) on a pocket table, and Garnier on April 28 last made his best average in a match at the three-ball game. There are now but three players who lead Garnier as to an average in a public match at three-ball caroms—Dion at 510 balls, these being Vignaux, Ubassy and Rudolphe. As to high run, Garnier fell 18 points below his best in a match, and 23 below his best in a tournament; while Vignaux fell 126 below his best in a tournament, and 159 below his best in a match.

The public have been admonished in these columns not to bet their money on these three-ball games in the metropolis. Ordinarily, they are tests of skill, but they are not necessarily such. The humble mechanic who tacks on the cloth has it in his power to beat a player like Vignaux or Maurice Daly by stretching it; and he can beat a player like Garnier or Cyrille Dion, simply by *not* stretching it. The remedy for this is a simple one of feet and inches. It has been pointed out in these columns, but it has not been adopted. There are things besides the cloth that tend to give the public much "the worst of it." It is scarcely six months since one player ordered the cushions of a table to be "fixed" to the disadvantage of his opponent. The proof of this is at hand. It is less than six months since a gentleman, endeavoring to make a match, imposed a most singular condition, being led thereto by what he had read in THE CLIPPER. It was this: If the player he proposed to back should lose the match, and the table on which found not what it had been represented to be, then the beaten player should receive the stakes. A match on those terms was declined. Whether what we are now about to relate was the result of accident or of design is for others to ascertain. The side-cushion farthest from the referee last Wednesday night acted on it if were dead. The cushion nearest the referee was lively. It was the other that at one time jumped the cue-ball so high, and caused so much merriment among the spectators. If those who watched the match attentively will reflect a moment, they will recall not only how queerly the balls rolled when sent against the cushion farthest from the referee, but also that the bulk of Garnier's playing was done on the cushion nearest the referee. He seemed to avoid the other, scarcely making fifty carems from it all night. Now comes in the by-play. We have shown that among the general public Vignaux was the favorite at the odds of 100 to 70, and yet there were billiard-players who were putting on Garnier every dollar they could raise. Did they know that there was anything peculiar about this table? There was no intermission that night—an unusual circumstance. Who was it that remarked to an official in the game: "If Garnier continues as he is doing, don't have any intermission. If Vignaux gets warmed up, call an intermission, and allow him to cool off?" It is known who it was, and that is not all that is known; for this was but one of the schemes to win money. Vignaux never got "warmed up," as it is called in billiard parlance, and there was no occasion for any cooling-off process. He was like a man dazed. That he should play so badly was utterly beyond his comprehension, and he could only mutter, from time to time, in sheer disgust: "Me beat? me beat? Ugh!" It is not charged by us that the table was doctored, because we do not know that it was; and, besides, it was possible for it to be faulty by accident. It seemed to present the peculiarity, however, of a dead cushion on one side, and a lively one on the other. The opinion of the referee, umpires, and marker, who were nearest the table, would be worth something. As already remarked, this table racket has been sought to be worked before, and this same Vignaux is one of the players to whose detriment it was.

The remarkable score of a remarkable match is appended. The most surprising feature of it has yet to be pointed out. Vignaux failed to count in but *three* innings more than Garnier. On general principles, he should have been beaten by just thrice Garnier's average, or about 80 points. Yet he was beaten 342, which means that, although counting at the start of almost as many innings as Garnier, Vignaux was unable to control the balls after he had counted. There are but two other scores between first-class players that can be compared with the one below. One is 600 to 326, by which Vignaux defeated Rudolphe for "the American championship," and the other is 600 to 397, by which Rudolphe defeated Garnier for "the championship of the world." But in one case the average of the winner was about twelve per cent. better than Garnier's against Vignaux, and in the other about sixteen per cent. There is another score (600 for Garnier, to 380 for Daly), in which the winner's average was not so large as on last Wednesday night; but in that game Daly failed twice in counting, where Garnier failed but once.

GARNIER.			VIGNAUX.			GARNIER.			VIGNAUX.		
Inn.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.		Inn.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.	
1	7	7	0	0		24	8	379	9	106	
2	0	7	6	6		25	90	369	25	131	
3	17	24	1	7		26	7	376	0	131	
4	0	24	24	31		27	45	421	8	139	
5	3	27	5	36		28	0	421	1	140	
6	2	29	5	41		26	1	422	3	143	
7	44	73	3	44		30	26	448	4	147	
8	25	98	2	46		31	0	448	0	147	
9	3	99	0	46		32	4	452	12	159	
10	1	100	0	46		33	2	454	3	162	
11	27	127	1	47		34	2	456	4	166	
12	25	152	0	47		35	5	461	1	167	
13	3	155	11	58		36	5	466	33	200	
14	46	201	0	58		37	0	466	8	208	
15	30	231	0	58		38	0	466	2	210	
16	1	232	10	68		39	1	467	30	240	
17	0	232	3	71		40	12	479	2	242	
18	1	233	2	73		41	46	525	0	242	
19	2	235	3	76		42	0	525	0	242	
20	4	239	1	77		43	3	528	10	252	
21	2	241	15	92		44	61	589	6	258	
22	3	243	0	92		45	0	589	0	258	
23	28	271	5	97		46	11	600			

SUMMARY.—Match for $500 a side between Maurice Vignaux and Albert Garnier. Three-ball game, 600 points up, on a 5x10 Gerish table. Scores—Garnier, 600; Vignaux, 346. Averages—Garnier, 13.2-46; Vignaux, 5.33-45. Best runs—Garnier, 90; Vignaux, 33. Referee, Philip Tieman of Cincinnati. Umpires—Isadore Gayraud for Vignaux, and Maurice Daly for Garnier. Marker, D. B. Scofield. Time, 2h. 45m.

SCRATCHES.

Conformably to our St. Louis correspondent's announcement, Mr. E. N. Pugh's rooms in that city were opened on Saturday, April 24. The establishment, which comprises two rooms, each 110x26, is located over the Bank of Commerce, corner of Fourth and Olive streets. The tables, sixteen in number, are of Brunswick & Balke's make. Some twenty ladies were present at the opening, and speeches and toast were made.....Frank B. Adams, in giving exhibitions at Le Palais Royal, Boston, is said to have made runs of 527, 600, 1,082, 1,946. As he played the four-ball game, he must have counted one point for every shot, for by no other modern method of counting at that game could he have reached any of those four totals except the 600. As the report further says that the 1,082 was made in eight and a half minutes, and the 1,946 in fourteen and a half, there is a splendid chance for an explanation. Over two shots a second is a very lively rate of going, even for the nimblest fingers.....*Le Palais Royal* is the name of a little paper published in the interest of that room.....A. R. Samuells now proposes to get up a tournament for one-armed gentlemen. There are quite a number of mace-players in Brooklyn, and a fine field could be selected from among them.....Montreal, Canada, is to have a new room. Camille Gregoire will be the proprietor, and it is to have six Phelan tables.....Col. Van Reyper of Jersey City Heights, N. J., is fitting up a room, as also are Banford & Miller of Cortland, N. Y. Phelan's tables in both.....The potato-bath incident given last week recalls that the late R. T. Ryall, when about to play Victor Estephe for the Pennsylvania championship on Dec. 13, 1864, was recommended to train on a diet of fish, as it was by such a diet that Dudley Kavanagh had won all his matches. Poor Bob, who really needed all the beef-steak he could get, took to fish, and he nearly killed himself, besides losing the match.....A. H. Hewins of Hartford, Ct., and Dr. Bennett of Scranton were in this city last week, and paid THE CLIPPER a visit before leaving town.....Dudley Kavanagh, who returned to this city in improved health about two weeks ago, has since been confined to his house as the result of an accident that fractured a leg.....William Goldthwait, it is reported, is giving exhibitions in Maine.....Frederick Brandt, who has recently acquired a medal in testimony of his skill, is still at the Valley House, Scranton, Pa.....Messrs. F. Grote & Co., whose business card can be found elsewhere, are prepared to furnish billiard-rooms with Paris mutual-pool indicators, of American manufacture, and one of what is claimed to be an improved plan.....Melvin Foster and Frank B. Adams are prepared to give exhibitions conjointly.....Could a fresh match have been made between Garnier and Vignaux, the latter, although he had purchased his ticket, would have deferred for a week his departure for France.....The medal, as to which there was a dispute between those players, has been reposing in Chris. O'Connor's safe. It was there on the night of the match, but perhaps has since been given up. It is likely that Maurice Daly and Garnier will play for it.....Pat. Dorsey, one of the most popular of Hartfordites, having first abandoned billiards and next railroading, is now the traveling agent for a large manufacturing establishment in Connecticut, his route being all the way from Hartford to Omaha.....The spirit of mortal may well be proud in the case of Wm. Sexton, who goes to the front with the seventh-best run on record for the four-ball game, and an average that has been beaten but four times, and scarcely more than twice in a game of that length, 1,500.....Clark E. Wilson continues with A. R. Samuells, and the cue he won in Hartford on March 1, 1871, and which represents the championship of New England, is with him. ..... To be added to the list of recent queer decisions made by us last week for the guidance or warning of players is the following: When a player at the three-ball game, after making a counting stroke, sends his ball off the table, he not only loses the carom made, but incurs, besides, a specific forfeiture. Both general practice and rules, in England and France, as well as in America, are opposed to this ruling.....The foregoing is a plain point. We now present a few complex cases for the amusement, and possibly for the profit of our readers, premising that actual decisions as to them have yet to be given. "A bets B that if a player at the three-ball carom game accidentally touches his ball, and then hits it again, he forfeits a point. B loses." Again: "A bets B that there is a rule which provides that, if a player makes two strokes as above described, he forfeits a point. A wins this." Both of these supposititious decisions are correct. They seem to be antagonistic, but are not. Again: "A bets B that he can name a regular game of billiards in which it is possible for it to be impossible to make a count. There is one such game; and if A names it, he will win." Again: "A bets B that there is a rule which, even in that game, makes it impossible that it shall not be possible at any time to make a counting stroke. A wins this." In deadly antagonism seemingly, these decisions are; but both are right. Again: "A bets B that, in playing the four-ball game, counting say in twos and threes, if the striker forces his ball off the table without hitting any other, he forfeits three points. A wins." Trouble here: "A bets bets B that he will so place the balls that, if he does as above provided, he will forfeit only two points. *A can* so place the balls, and he will win if he does." Here is enough amusement for one week. Let the reader solve the problems for himself.....The decision that a player whose ball is frozen at pinpool cannot play directly at the pins has been revoked since we called attention to it. The revocation says: "We find that is the way the game is now played in this city, though we fail to see the justice of it. In France and England no such mode of play is recognized." An intimate knowledge of the game would show the justice of it. There are in France no well-defined rules of any game of billiards whatsoever; but there is in that country a special practice that, without any rule, would by implication forbid such a shot. Pinpool, as we in America know it, is not played at all in England, except possibly by a stray American or two; and even the game as played in France differs from ours. It is not alone in this city that a player can aim directly at the pins. For over twenty years there has been a standing printed rule to that effect from New York to San Francisco. There can be no more interesting study to billiard-players than the one, so much neglected, of rules; and we now quote the San Francisco rule, which, though it does not differ substantially from the one posted up in thousands of rooms to-day, is new to the modern player, even though it was first printed twenty-two years ago: "25. If the balls are touching each other, the player can play with *either* of the balls so touching, *straight at the pins, without touching another ball*, and any count so made is good, except when the play conflicts with Rules 26, 27 and 31." The justice of this rule is that, being already in contact with a ball, whichever of the two balls the player adopts is held to have *hit that other ball before touching a pin*. The principle is the same as that governing the four-ball carom game. Although very few players are aware of it, since it is a point that rarely comes up, yet a player who, being "frozen" in that game, fails to hit another ball, does not forfeit a point for a miss.....James Phelan, one of the wealthiest residents of San Francisco, and brother of Michael Phelan, well known in metropolitan billiard circles, who died here about five years ago, is temporarily in this city.....Cyrille Dion has been making some appreciable winnings at pinpool recently. It is time his star were in the ascendant.....Messrs. Fred Grote, M. Costello, John F. Gleason, and James E. Boyle will go into training this month for their arduous task of rowing a four-oared shell from Sing Sing to Albany, the man who gives out first to forfeit large bills. It is their intention to start from this city, but they will float as far as Sing Sing.....Mel. Fowler is in but feeble health, as the effect of powerful remedial agents is beginning to assert its old enemy the catarrh. Should the lamp hold out and full health return, as Mel. hopes and as all his friends hope, he will go along on that trip, having engaged a berth as coxswain.....There is an ugly rumor that a prominent player has been arrested on a trumped-up charge of having no visible means of support. We question it, and hence refrain from name. This little race-horse first played in the Far West, three years ago, on another expert, whose only offense was that he had won his accuser's money at cards, and was a stranger in the place.....Philip Tieman still suffers from the rheumatism. He was a crippled referee the other night, one hand being bandaged.....Bringing with him some of the tables from the closed-up Astor House room over which he had presided for so many years, the popular Jesse Smith last week opened a cosy billiardry up Broadway, near Twenty-sixth street, upon the ruins of John Chamberlain's pool-room. It is not unlikely that the son of the late John Cleveland will find employment here.....In a few days the tables will be taken out of Jerry Thomas' room, preparatory to its being turned into a restaurant for pools, under the supervision of the well-known Oliver Marshall. There is a possibility that five of the tables will be transferred to a lower floor. .....Philip J. Pierce, ex-champion of Missouri, is in charge of the upper floor of the new rooms in St. Louis, at the farther end of which is a private table, inclosed, and presided over by "Jesse".....An occasional correspondent in that city says that a New Y

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, May 3.

LADIES' LIST.

Atkins, Annie E.
Angelo, Carrie
Alexander, Sara A.
Angel, Louie (with H. Eckrdsy
Browning, Kate
Bell, Lottie (banjoist)
Burke, Ione
Booth, Mrs. Agnes
Bronson, Kate (Shaw)
Bertha, Mlle
Claire, Annie
Cornforth, Mrs. Annie
Craven, Carrie
Cleveland, Nellie
Cerito, Mlle. (danseuse)
Conway, Mrs. Lizzie (2)
Clifton, Viola
Devere, Ida
Duane, Fanuie
Douglas, Annie
Dewells, Kittie
De Lisle, Mamie
Destin-Dingle Sa.
Davis, Annie Morgan
Devere, Mrs. L.
Delmay, Lulu
Delano, Mrs. "Pepp"
Elmo, Frankie
Elbert, Daisy (2)
Ellis, Hattie
Foster, Ida (2)
Fridenburg, Ida
Foster, Kate
Ford, Mrs. Theo. J.
Francis, Lulu (of Rentz's Minst.)
Francis, Fannie
Price, Bijou (3)
Powell, Lizzie
Phillips' Concert Co., Adelaide
Pezzuolo, Josephine
Pauline, La
Pickering, Josie E.
Rainforth, Minnie
Richmond, Ada
Rand, Olivia
Robinson, Bessie
Stanley, Kittie
Saphir, Mrs. S. M.
Sobrehi, Jennie
Sherwood, Alice
Sanford, Lou
Sutherland, Agnes
Schott, Angelique
Vincent, Nellie (late of Alms' Trs.)
Victoria, Mlle. (gymnast)
Wilson, Eliza
Wesson Sisters
Williams, Gussie
Woods, Carrie
Walton, Mary
Webb, Mrs. (of Marionettes) (2) 16c.
Wallace Sisters, Agents of
Wilson, Eliza (velocipedist)
Warner, Flora (of "Yankee" R. Circ.)
Wallace, Ada (vocalist)
O'Brien, Norah (with Healy)
Price, Fannie B.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ainsworth, Frank E.
Arnold, N. B.
Andrews, Jos. E.
Adams, Edwin (actor)
Anderson, F. (of Callend. Minst.)
Atkinson, J. W.
Atkins, Wm.
Allen, John R.
Arnold, Wm. N.
Allen, T. M.
Alwood, C. S.
"Bell Ringer"
Boyd, C. (of Wagner & Hart)
Bally, Harry
Barrett, Lawrence
Byrnes, H. W.
Blaisdell, W. B.
Benedic, Lew
Bergan, E. S.
Barnum, A. T.
Bisbee, Frank
Bloodgood, Harry
Barnum, Adolphus
Bowers, D. (circus "biz") (2)
Boyd, Chas.
Bligh, Francois R.
Blake, Jay H.
Beverly, C. Stuart
Benoit, Tony
Blossom, Bros.
Brand, Prof. T. H.
Basye, B. E.
Barr, J. H.
Burton, Wm. R. (agent)
Brown, Ben
Blakely, J. H.
Busch, J. T.
Byers, O. P.
Breyer, C. W.
Brown, R. B. (2)
Brand, J. A.
Barry, Ed. (of "Silk Stocking" Idc.
Bell, C. (of Bell Bros.) (2)
Blanchard, Chas. A.
Beecher, R. R.
Brooks, W. A.
Burton, Wilton
Brimmer, L. C. 3c.
Clark, G. O. (of Milton-Tableaux)
Chirini, Prof.
Carson, Kit (of Robinson's Clr.)
Collins, F. (of Lew & Frank) (2)
Cazauran, A. R.
Casey, Frank
Cruise, Chas. A. (2)
Crane, E. Mills
Crane, Wesley E.
Carlo, Fred (acrobat)
Clark, H. G. (manager)
Carson, Jr., Kit
Collins, Jno. (Irish comed.)
Couldock, C. W.
Carter, J. H.
Clutter, T. H.
Cooke, H. (Star of Mystery)
Cody, W. F. ("Buffalo Bill")
Carroll, ——— (with Mabie Bros.)
Coes, Geo. H. (2)
Carner, J. W.
Cotton & Birdue
Converse, Frank B.
Davis, J. L.
Delany, W. (musician)
De Marbelle, Dion A.
Daly, C. (of Quinn & Daly)
Dergo, Dominico
De Haven, Charles
Dayton, Tommy
Dalton, H.
Davis, Lew H.
Dobson, H. C.
Denier, Tony
Douglas, Prof. J. S.
De Castro, Prof. G. H. (2)
Diagess, Jno. A.
Delehanty & Hengler
Dumont, Frank (2)
De Forest, Sher. Dratn. Co.
Dobson, Frank P.
D'Ormer, Mons.
Dutton, Wm.
Dunbar, E. C.
Dalton, H. (of Purbush & Irish C.)
Eddy, Chas. or Dick
Ellis, Edward C.
Edwards, Wm.
Eckhub, Ben
Ellinger, Col. Wm.
Emmet, J. ("Little Buckshot")
Engle, John
Erskin's G. Western Circus
Eckert, Prof. J.
Forst, Jas. (of Murray's Clr.)
Fance, G. (with "The Forresters")
Fitzgerald, R. (of Gt. East. Clr.)
Ford, Dennis (of Gt. East. Clr.)
Freeth, J. W.
Franck, Sam. (musician)
Ford, The. J.
Fowler, Wm. (gymnast, etc.)
Fowler, T. B.
Fitzgerald, J. (late of Lent's Clr.)
Ferguson, Barney
Fowler, W. W. (2)
Fawkes, Geo. F. (2)
Fish, J. Spencer
Fox, Master Willie
Freeman, J. M.
Fearington, Lou
Fausline, M.
Frank, Tony
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Forepaugh, Jno. A. (pedestal "biz")
Faust, Edwin
Forrest, Fraud (advt. agent)
Goins, R. (musician)
Gothhold E. M. (2)
Gibson, F. (of Mastodon)
Gerry's Min. (2)
Gerry, D. S.
Gaffney, Cyrus (with Magginley)
Goldie, Claude
Gordillo, Sig.
Gorsch, ——— (of Thomas' Orches.)
Gulliffer, J. (of Van Amburgh's Clr.)
Gilbert, Jno. V. (2)
Gordan & Benjamin
Glassford, Ed. C.
Green, D. (of Howe's Clr.)
Gilbert, J. (of Gilbert Sist.)
Gaylor, C. (dramatist)
Hedges, Thos. C. 9c.
Hastings, Alfred H.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hogan, Ben
Hubbard, R.
Hewett, Frank
Haverly, J. H.
Holmes, E. B.
Hamilton, Theo. 6c.
Hughes, Mark
Hunt, O. (of N. O. Minst.)
Hunt, Fanny (2)
Jackson, Mary A.
Janauschek, Mad.
Kellogg, Antoinette
King, Sallie (vocalist)
Kobbetz, Jennie
Leslie, Fannie
La Verde, Belle (of Florence Family)
Lillian, Grace
Lupo, Mad. E.
Lehman, Mrs. A. (2)
Leighton, Mrs. W. H.
La Fond, Florence
Lehman, Mrs. P. 10c.
Leonard, Annie
La Verde, Mrs.
Macdonald, Flora
Monk, Ada
McAllister, Phoss
McWilliams, Mrs. Mary
Meyer, Bonnie
McKean, Gabriella
Norwood, Marion L. (2)
Nash, Mrs. S. A.
Orcutt, Maggie

Murray, J. (of "Rip Van Winkle")
McWade, Robt.
Morosina, G.
Maas, Jas.
Mack, Jas. (pedestal "biz")
Metzler, Len
Mestie, A. W.
Mortimer, W. (illusionist)
Moulton, H. (gymnast)
Moerlein, C. (of Bremond's Co.)
Mowry, Edwin
Miles, ——— (minst. "biz")
Nash, Dan 3c.
Nole, Mr. (agt. of K. Fisher)
Norton, W. (late Kelly & Leon)
Norris, G.
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
O'Brien, Jno. C.
Ogden, C. D.
Primrose, Geo.
Polk, D. F.
Phillips, Harry
Powers, Geo. W.
Pierce, Emmerson
Phillips, G. (manager)
Perry, J. H. (of Perry, Capt. C. M.
Parsons, M.
Pompeyer, Augustus
Pullman, Giles
Reid, Borthwick
Robinson, C. M.
Roberts, Billy
Ryan, Thos. J.
Richards, W. (manager)
Reagan, Tim
Rother, Hugh
Reynolds, J.
Robertson, H. (of Rubini, P. (2)
Robinson, H. (of Rob Minst.)
Roberts, Sam
Raymond, Jno. T.
Rivolta, Mons.
Reed, ——— (of Wigal's Co.)
Roberts, N. D.
Sands, A. C. (2)
Stansell, Geo.
Spencer, Chas. M.
Smith, W. T.
Sydney, Vernon
Showles, J.
Shepherd, J. E.
Sebastian, ——— (circus "biz")
Smith, C. W. H.
Stetson, E. T. 6c.
Sloman, Ed. S.
Sherry, Jno. M.
Sawyer, F. (of Mellish's Clr.)
Sanford, J.
Sheppard, J. W.
Saunders, F. (of Brown & Co.)
Stultz, J. C.
Stanley, Ernest
Sinalla, Felix
Sherwood, J. (with "Gift" Entert.)
Sanderson, H.
Sheridan, W. E.
Tobin, Prof.
Turner, R. W.
Tayleure, Clifton W.
Tinkham, Ed.
Taylor, Jas. (comique)
Thomas & Hceney
Tucker, J. A.
Thompson, Harry
Thompson, C. (of N. Y. Comedy Co.)
Thorton, Chas.
Toomey, W. F.
Thompson, Geo. C.
Victorelli, H.
Vance, Jas.
Voos, A. E.
V. B. C.
Woodall, W. H.
Wodvil, H. 6c.
Wood, Jno. B.
Wells, W.
Williams, ——— (minst. "biz")
Sidney
Wood, Fred
Ward, John F.
Wagner, Cal
Wildman, F. J.
Waite, H. (of Waite & Bacon)
Werner, Neil
Warner, Dr. (of Enterprise Co.)
Washburn, E. S.
Watkins, H. (manager)
Wagner, Chas. (manager)
Witham, Fred A.
White, E. J. 3c.
Wilson, Jas. (song and dance)
Watson, Thos. V.
Waters, Lou
Wilson, Jno.
West, Wm. H.
Waller, H. T.
Williams, Geo.
Williams, L. Percy
Yale, Chas. H.
Young, Chas. (ventriloquist)
Younkers, Fred
Zera, Prof.
Zebold, Geo. W.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, May 3, '75.

May came in like a lion all sprinkled with dew, and, what with moving, and the rain, and the heavy blow, housekeepers and boarders have had a sad time of it. We know a man whose family moved on Saturday, and he did not discover their whereabouts until next day. The station-houses have been full of lost children and husbands who have been driven from home by the scolding and thumping of mothers and wives. Why it's frightful! May-day in New York is ten times worse than cruelty to animals. No wonder men get mixed up with other men's wives and vice versa. That Gordian knot is indissoluble, and what is likely to grow out of this abomination of moving. The poet of nature knew whereof he spake when he gave utterance to that beautiful sentiment—

It's thump, thump, scold, scold, thump, thump, Mullaby,
Over all a blissful comfort is there on a moving day.

Our Jim left the office on Friday, and only returned this morning—his excuse is that he got lost in a moving. The theatres didn't profit by the moving—there was a drop down at nearly all places on Friday and Saturday nights. We shouldn't have been surprised had the disconsolate Jim's name been Job moved; it's so fashionable to "get up and dust," and the custom is so generally observed. Let us be thankful that the agony is at an end for a twelve-month, at least. Hooray! ..... In the peculiar language of George Maddox, one of Tilton's comical rebuttal witnesses, the grand Opera-house has "gone into defunct"—terminated its season abruptly on Wednesday night last; and Mrs. Dunn, who has probably been done brown, is done with the big elephant. In the sweet words of a child of song, we might remark:

One more unfortunate,
Fearful of death,
Rashly importunate,
Stops to take breath.

.....R. M. Hooley, in San Francisco, will on the 10th *instant* produce "*Ultimo*." It is of "The Big Bonanza" persuasion; and, by its early presentation on the Pacific slope, Mr. Hooley steals a march (if not *more* than one month) on August. Daly. Over this affair there promises to be a fight. In the forcible language of the P. R., may we be there to see, and may the best man win.....Rapid transit! When we passed Josh. Hart's new site, on Saturday morning last, there was a house standing on the spot; when we returned in the afternoon, the ground was clear of all incumbrances, and not a vestige of the house remained! Quick work! Let the Eagle scream, sure enough.....Reading in the advertisements of the San Francisco Minstrels that "people were bringing ladders," so that they might get a peep at the show given by that troupe, "Our Jim" very imprudently, one night last week, struck fire alarm in that vicinity, so as to draw a ladder truck there for his use. Of course the malicious youth was carried on the truck to the station house.....The lady who displayed the *statue blanche* at Robinson Hall, last week, will repeat her sculpture this. Presenting a good *carte, Blanche* ought to *draw*; but this can only be done by giving a *carte blanche* to her performers. We trust that it may not become necessary to *cart Blanche* and her party away. [This little bit of pleasantry "will not bring the blush to the cheek of the most fastidious," nor cause offence to the most refined.—ED. CLIP.].....It there is any beautiful sight in this world it is that of lovely woman disporting in a tub of water. We have traveled hundreds of miles to witness the female bathers at Cape May; but this fascinating spectacle is not on the beach just now; so we are fain to visit the Metropolitan this week, the Wally Weary Opera-House with sketches of romantic life on the borders. This has no reference to the romantic life of *cheap* boarders. And so, as Mrs. Tilton would say, the dove has returned to its nest, and is singing in our souls again. It is well—the pale face has spoken. "Plumbo!".....The combination benefit in behalf of Dan Bryant's little ones came to pass as advertized, and a full report of the proceedings may be found in other columns. The programmes presented for the entertainment of Dan's friends were sufficiently varied to gratify all reasonable tastes, and the result of managerial efforts in a good cause shows a rich bonanza for the fatherless. Let the principal be wisely invested, and the interest be expended with prudence and economy. The bread-winner has been taken away; the one on whom the little ones relied for their daily bread shall heed them nevermore; but their appeal for succor shall not be made in vain so long as their benefit fund shall be permitted to remain intact. United *they* stand; on a divided fund they fall.

THE PEOPLE'S TRIBUTE.

The *benefit* was more than great,
Could there have *been a fitter* proof
Of poor Dan Bryant's many friends
Who filled each place from floor to roof:
Now let the cash, a goodly sum,
Be *well* invested for his heirs,
But there are *other* suffering ones,
Weighed down with want and saddening cares,
Relicts of those whose merry jews
Allured our grief for many a day—
Who gave no heed to prudent words,
But passed in poverty away.
Can not a fund be raised for these,
To smooth their path lest they should fall?
'Twould be a task for generous hearts,
And one to well repay them all.

.....Were we so disposed we could tell you a little story about an "unpleasantness" that transpired on an afternoon of the past week, at Fourteenth and Broadway, in which a favorite comedian of this city and a manager from the West played the principal parts, with numerous auxiliaries to make up an exciting picture. We could, an' we were so inclined, inform you how the two met by chance—'twas in a crowd—and how the little comedian went for the other man; how he delivered his dexter mawley on the sinister optic of his astonished foe; how, ere the other could divine the cause of the passage-at-arms, another paixhan found lodgment on his auricular appendage; how, as the western man was gallantly making himself up to resent the assaults of the hostile one, many men of many minds stepped in, and rent the twain asunder; and, when this cruel war was over, myrmidons of the law came upon the scene, and would fain make capture of the stern warriors; but alas! they *were* not. All this, and much more, could we tell you, but we are not of the gossip and babble, and go about saying all manner of evil things against their fellow men to breed discord and evil communication. No; we are not on it, so to speak; having enough to do to mind our own affairs, without going out into the by-ways to gather wind to sling at men with whom we are at peace. We leave that sort of work for other Tatlers and his flock.....Somebody—probably a jealous rival, or one who never set a squadron in the field, nor saw a *real* horserace—says that the author of Byron's play of "The Thoroughbred" is like *religion*, because he has *"brought a peer that puzzeth all understanding."* Not being old in the theatrical profession, we have no idle to take up this question and fight it out to the bitter end. No; we have no desire for any such notoriety. But this we do say, that any man who would thus assail the honest efforts of a public writer; who would endeavor to cast odium upon the offspring of an honest man's brain; is a villain and should be treated with scorn and peril, when to call a coward were base flattery. And yet our heart yearns for peace and goodwill to all men.....Did we ever say this before? That the San Francisco Minstrels must have plenty of money behind 'em, because of their *heavy Backus!*.....A respectable, juvenile lady, who pants for histrionic honors, writes to ask us if we could take her on trial. We do not wish to discourage the young lady, nor to dampen the ardor of her theatrical desires; but justice demands that we should say "No, a thousand times, no!" When Brooklyn took Beecher on trial, it was a new thing, and wise men took to it with a relish, as we remember well before; but now that we don't want to have anything to do with trials. Mrs. Woman, you must excuse us, but not any for us.....It is proposed that the fiend who inaugurated the spelling bees be hung, drawn and quartered; and that his remains be scattered to the four winds. We have no objection, in fact, we look upon the sentence as mild in comparison with the enormity of his offense. *Some* people may call us cruel and bloodthirsty; but let *some* people put themselves in our place, and look over the thousands of questions sent to us to decide about the spelling of words and they will thereafter look upon us as an angel in disguise.....We have heard said, but we give it no credence in the least, that circus people have cursed more in a given time, thus early in the season, than they ever were known to do before. Time was when the upheaving of the big tent, the coming down of a heavy wet, and the freezing out of the patrons of a traveling show, were sufficient to excite the men of the "profession" to words of startling import and of an irreligious tendency; but these things have all changed since *old* John Robinson and Adam Forepaugh took a trick at the helm. When Barnum's mammoth canvas went by the board in the Quaker City recently, we overheard the boss canvasman exclaim, as he cut his way out, "We should be thankful that it was no worse!" There's plety for you. Again, when a celebrated equestrian was thrown from his horse, just as he was doing an exciting "finish," he calmly picked himself up, remounted his fleet courser of the plains, and quietly remarked to the fractious horse, "Edward, Edward!" that was the name of the charger —"it were better that thou shouldst not provoke me to say harsh things to thee." Then he was away again, performing his act with due solemnity, and with all the abandon of a red man of the forest wilds. No, no; our circus friends may be rough at times, but as a rule simplety casts a shade upon their otherwise fair escutcheon. True, they may be guilty of giving life and utterance to such words as "Jimineddy," "Dashmebuttons," "Flybinight," and similar pardonable expressions; but *beyond* these they do not go. This much in justice to our circus friends. And this reminds us of a slight poem received from a correspondent last week. The writer, who signs himself a "Lover of the Sho," gives us a description of how he got "tangled" in the tail end of the "surkis," as it was meandering through his town; how the "sideslo" drafted him in to help along a spell, and how he became so infatuated with the "hole consarn" that "he's got to be one of em." Here is the poem to which reference has been made:

THE SURKIS SHO.

I'm no rastler on the half-shell, I cut my teeth wen yung;
I've traveld ore this wurld a fu, and menny things I've brung;
But never yet ware I hav bin, I want yu all tu no,
Has enuppling been sker-ed up like a full blone sirkus sho.
O! the clown he is a jolly sole; and, wen he jokes and rides,
I laff meself to deth a-most, and nerely split me sides;
And wen he tumbils orf his horse, just like the thing was
Twood du yu good to see the fokes, and here 'em shout and squeal.
And wen the injun on his hors cums ridin' in the ring,
Yu see at once he's a reel reverune, and bein most everything;
And wen he shutes the big rackoon, and brings it down kerflop,
I thort the cheres of that there crowd, I thort shade never stop.
But I've no time tu sa no more, I've jined the surkis sho—
I rake the sordust in the ring, and the travlin orgin bio;
Its the bulliest life I ever led, no more soft beds for me—
I'll never see a settin-room home, me boy; to-morrer at Squashkim wele be.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE collapsed after the performances of Wednesday evening, April 28. Tuesday was the last day but on the bill. Monday "the ghost did not walk," and the following evening a notice was posted in the greenroom calling the company together on Thursday morning, when only a portion of them responded. A proposition made by the management to continue the performances during the week, paying the salaries in full, was rejected by a portion of the time only, did not meet with their approval, and the theatre closed. Many attempts have been made and much money has been lost to establish this theatre as a profitable institution, but without avail.

FRANK MAYO closed his engagement at the Park Theatre on Saturday night last, having acted during the week in "Davy Crockett" to moderate business.

THE TWIN SISTERS FRENCH, who have made marked improvement in their songs-and-dances since they were last seen in this city, and who have added to their repertory "The Hindoo Box-trick," which they perform fairly, and Dolly Emmerson, A clever exponent of song-and-dance, comprised the fresh appearances at the Bowery Opera-house during the past week. Attendance fair.

THIS WILL BE the last week of Harrigan and Hart at the Theatre Comique the present season.

WE CANNOT VARY our stereotyped remarks about the fun at the Union-square Theatre. It has continued very large, and "The Two Orphans" gives the highest satisfaction.

JOHN L. VINCENT, who has been the stage-manager for Jarrett & Palmer, both at Niblo's Garden and Booth's Theatre, during many years, is to receive a benefit at the latter theatre on Thursday afternoon, May 6, when powerful attractions will be presented. Although Mr. Vincent's professional duties do not bring him before the audiences, nevertheless a liberal patronage should be extended to him, because much of the success achieved by any performances is due, in a great measure, to his skill and watchful care. Give him a full house.

H. SHEPPARD and A. Byers left the city April 29 to join D. S. Gerry's Dramatic Company at Waterloo, P. Q.

FRESH ATTRACTIONS and new people are announced for the Olympic for the current week, and the entertainments commenced on Monday last to please all who like first-class establishment, for the acts given are of a varied character, and the performances are first-class.

ALEX. DAVIS, ventriloquist, accompanied by his wife, will sail for Europe May 4.

GEO. TIRRELL, scenic artist, arrived in this city April 24 by steamer from New Orleans.

KATE FISHER arrived in this city on May 3 from the West. She opens at Wood's Museum in "Mazeppa" 10.

TONY DENIER, having recovered from his late dangerous illness, has been in this city for about a week. He has purchased a beautiful residence at Yonkers, overlooking the Hudson, to which place he will shortly remove his family.

MISS BLANCHE GREY has acted the character of Sister Genevieve in "The Two Orphans," at the Union-square Theatre since April 26, in consequence of Miss Ida Vernon having supplied the place of Minnie Conway, who was to have acted Queen Elizabeth in "Amy Robsart" at Booth's Theatre; but was prevented by the illness and subsequent death of her mother.

HARRY STEWART is to have a matinee benefit at Wood's Museum on Friday.

J. S. MESSINGER, who gives a very clever juggling performance with cannon balls; Kitty Henderson and G. F. Moore, who were seen in Dutch character songs-and-dances; and Herr Schulze facial artist—all of whose performances have been hitherto witnessed in this city—comprised the fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique on April 26. An excellent business was done during the week.

MISS NEILSON began a farewell engagement at Booth's Theatre on April 26, when "Amy Robsart," which had been produced there some three seasons ago, was revived. Our readers are familiar with Miss Neilson's impersonation of the title-role. F. B. Warde did not give complete satisfaction as Leicester, hitherto excellently acted by Francis Bangs. J. B. Studley's acting of Varney was a vast improvement over that of Neil Warner, the former representative of the character, and he exhibited much vigor and force. E. K. Collier played Tressilian in place of Nelson Decker, but was rather too boisterous. Miss Ida Vernon, who assumed the role of Queen Elizabeth at very brief notice, acted with much intelligence, and succeeded in satisfactorily embodying her correct conception of the character. The play is beautifully mounted and costumed.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL ELECTION for officers of the American Dramatic Fund Association takes place on Monday, May 10. The secretary's card elsewhere gives particulars.

MME. RISTORI and her company are to give a series of farewell performances at the Lyceum Theatre this week.

SCHOOLCRAFT AND COBB and Adah Richmond will be the fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique this week, and "Down Broadway, or the Miniature 69th," will be revived.

THE BRYANT BENEFITS.—The first matinee benefit for the Bryant Fund took place at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, April 28, under the direction of Augustin Daly, who had withdrawn from co-operating with his brother managers. The weather was inclement, a light rain falling during the entire day and evening. There was a good attendance, although there was accommodation for more ladies and gentlemen than applied for admission. The entertainments consisted of a memorial address by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham; the singing of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," by the quartet of the San Francisco Minstrels, including D. S. Wambold, Carl Rudolph, E. E. McGuckin, and A. H. Pelham (a scene had been expressly painted for this by James Roberts representing a view of an old Kentucky plantation, with field hands and a grave in the foreground, with a negro kneeling with bowed head at its side); the last four acts of

LONDON ASSURANCE.

Lady Gay Spanker,	Meddle..... James Lewis
Miss Fanny Davenport	Charles Courtly....G. Parkes
Grace Harkaway..Miss E. Rigl	Dolly Spanker..Owen Fawcett
Fert.... Miss Nellie Mortimer	Dazzle.....B. T. Ringgold
Sir Harcourt Courtly,	Cool..... F. Chapman
Charles Fisher	James..... Mr. Beekman
Max Harkaway..W. Davidge	Solomon Isaacs..Geo. Gilbert

the performances concluding with

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

Tom Bribbles..... J. Lewis	Young Mr. Simpson
Harry Johnson....O. Fawcett	F. Chapman
Charley..... J. Drew	Nan, the Good-for-nothing,
James..... G. Gilbert	Bijou Heron

On Thursday, under the influence of a genial Spring day, with the sun brightly shining, the matinee performances by the combined managers took place in their respective theatres. We append the programmes presented upon the occasion.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Performance under the direction of Mr. John Brougham, Mr. Max Maretzek and Mr. B. C. Porter. The performance will commence with Fitzjames O'Brien's comedy, in two acts, entitled

A GENTLEMAN FROM IRELAND.

Ger'ld Fitzmaurice Brougham	Grip..... C. Collins
Mr. Clover.....W. Edwards	Servant..... M. Montague
Hugh Savage...C. Burroughs	Agnes Clover..Miss A. Monk
Charles Clover..C. Rockwell	Lucy Clover..Miss A. Leonard

To be followed by the favorite comedietta,

IT IS THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY, OR YANKEE HELP.

Melissa—with Yankee song.....	Mrs. Barney Williams
Mrs. Pliant Manners.....	Miss Mary Wells
Milly Manners.....	Miss Meta Bartlett
Mr. Pliant Manners.....	Welsh Edwards
Mortimer Sparkle.....	James J. Bartlett
Frank.....	J. R. Davis

After which will be given Poole's glorious comedy, in two acts, entitled

SIMPSON & CO.

Mrs. Simpson...Mrs. J. Drew	Mrs. Fitzollan..Miss R. Massey
Mrs. Bromley.....	Mr. Simpson..... F. Mackay
Miss K. Blanchard	Mr. Bromley..... G. F. Rowe
Madame La Trappe.....	Foster..... W. Sanger
Miss F. Morant	Servants..... C. W. Collins

To be followed by the second and third acts of Flotow's new opera,

L'OMBRA (THE SHADOW).

Gina..... Miss A. Randall	Fabrizio..... Sig. Benfratelli
Vespina..... Miss M. Hoffman	Mirout..... Sig. Tagliapietra

The whole to conclude with the ballet,

GRAD MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT BY BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

Overture, Vocal and Instrumental, (Maestro Bryant's Minstrels

Killarney.....	W. Dwyer
Buzz away, Mosquito.....	Dave Reed
Silver Threads Among the Gold.....	W. Dalton
Off for Baltimore.....	J. W. McAndrews
Call Me Your Darling Again.....	C. Templeton
You Never Miss the Water 'till the Well Runs Dry..	J. J. Kelly

THE CIRCUS.

Messrs. Brockway, Dave Reed and McAndrews.

The attendance here was very large. Every seat and all the standing-room from which a view of the stage could be had were fully occupied, while many persons were unable to obtain admission. The performances did not conclude until a late hour, Bryant's Minstrels making their first appearance on the stage about six o'clock.

GRAND SQUARE THEATRE.

By permission of Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, his thrilling military drama, entitled

GENEVA CROSS.

Pierre Le Brun..J. Parselle	Spadassin..H. W. Montgomery
Mathew Moineau,	The Unknown..W. Cogswell
McKee Rankin	Antoine..... W. S. Quigley
Riel Du Bourg..H. Eberle	Gabriel..... Miss Eva Leigh
Simon Cornichet..S. Robson	Cassandre..... Mrs. M. Wilkins
Pontarme..... John Mathews' Mastagon..... Miss M. Granger	
Jean Bart..... W. Davidge	Prisoner..... Miss Cone
Gerpuel..... C. Wyndham	Clementine..... Nelly Norry
Dumont..... W. Burton	
Charles..... W. Murray	

The audience was small, owing to strong attractions elsewhere, and because the highest price of admission was fixed at less than $1, the sum charged for the general admission-ticket.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
ENTERTAINMENT A LA SALON.
PART PREMIERE.

Overture..... San Francisco Minstrels
Arranged by W. S. Mullaly.
Ballad, "Home by the Sea"..... A. Pelham
Comic Ditty..... Charley Backus
Ballad, "Little Robin, sit Kitty I'm Coming,"..D. Wambold
Comic Refrain, "Solid Dishes to the Front"..... Billy Birch
Ballad, "Lost in the Wide World"..... Carl Rudolph
Finale, Grand Medley..... San Francisco Minstrels

PART SECOND.

"THE VIRGINIANS"..... by..... Thackeray.
"I Thought You Was," double song-and-dance by Mackin and Wilson.
Add Ryman..... on the..... Topics of the Day
Burlesque Prima-donna..... by..... The Great Ricardo
The Ivory Actors..... Billy Birch and Charley Backus
Flute Solo..... Mr. J. G. Withers
The whole to conclude with the Laughable Sketch of
SCHOOL IN AN UPROAR.

Introducing the Spelling Match, for two Pianos.
1st Prize—A Beehive. 2d Prize—A Club.
Professor Peach..Add Ryman | Sim Dipsey..... F. Wilson
Dance..... Barney Gilmore | Mr. Rudolph
Snyder Hoovick..D. Wambold | Slippey..... A. Pelham
Jule..... J. Mackin | Coppy..... W. Mullaly
Waddy.....

There was a fair-sized audience present.

THEATRE COMIQUE.
PROGRAMME FOR THIS AFTERNOON

Overture..... Prof. Thomas and Orchestra
The performance will commence with the laughable sketch entitled

ST. JAMES-STREET BARBER SHOP.

John Prince.....	Wm. Barry Owen Jones
Peter Monk.....	Larry Tooley Mr. Latherum.... Wm. Carter
Favorite Songs.....	Miss Alice Bennett

Diamond and Ryan in their songs-and-dances.
Alvardo in his double-bar performance.
Larry Tooley in his unequaled songs.
The laughable Negro sketch,
A NIGHT IN A STRANGE HOTEL.

Judge Birch.....	C. White Senator Gregson..... J. Wild
Serio-comic songs.....	Miss Adah Richmond
Rickey and Barney in their original laughable sketch,	
BAD WHISKEY.	
Owen Connelley.....	Sam Rickey
Mary Ann Connelley.....	Master Barney
Policeman.....	Mr. G. L. Stout
Beautiful songs.....	Miss Nelly St. John
Grotesque Sixth Dance.....	Mr. John Denier
Charley White's laughable negro sketch, entitled	
GOING FOR THE CUP.	

Mr. Wm. Courtright in his famous original specialty
Flewy Flewy!
Swiss Warblings..... Mr. F. W. Hoffman
Maffit's beautiful and artistic tableaux,
THE COMANCHES.

Lishe-Mah-Na, the Great Bear.....	James Maffit
Wah-gah-see, the Raven.....	Wm. B. Cahill
Wah-bah-se, the White Rabbit.....	Jno. Gilbert
Sha-ce-sis, the Diver.....	John Queen
Soan-ge-haha, the Strong Heart.....	Wm. West
Benj. Bucksin..... { Frontiersmen {	Mr. Griffin
Thos. Stackpole.....	Mr. Reed
Shaw-on-da, the South Wind.....	J. Marr
Sergeant Wilson..... { U. S. A. {	Chas. Worley
Corporal Jackson.....	A. Bellamy
Martha Bucksin, Ben's Wife.....	Saidee O'Neil
Dame Stackpole, her Mother.....	Addie Farwell
Ebenezer Snowball.....	Wm. West
Little Harry.....	Master Curran
Mr. C. L. Davis in his.....	Dutch Song-and-dances
The world-famed American Gymnasts.....	the Four Wasons
In their beautiful entertainment, Quadruple Parterre.	
The Colored Hamtown Students.....	
Courtright, Gooding, Holdsworth and Griffin	
In the Songs and Melodies of the Colored Race	
Comic act—"My Father Sould Charcoal".....	Master Martin
The Wonderful One-Legged Gymnast.....	Mr. Stewart Dare
In his Horizontal Bar Performance.	
The Laughable Interlude called THE WHOLE FAMILY.....	John Queen and Wm. West
Beautiful Songs and Ballads.....	Miss Annie Morgan
John Hart's very funny sketch,	
TIE UP THE KITTEN.	
Simon Duplex.....	Mr. John Hart
Mooo, the Monkey.....	Master Martin
Mr. Lappell, the Landlord.....	Mr. G. W. H. Griffin
Mlle. Leona Dare in her wonderful Aerial Performance.	
Messrs. Lester and Allen in their Eccentric Songs-and-dances.	

The inimitable Comedian and Buffo Singer
Mr. Harry Rickards in his own Comic and Character Songs.
The performance concluding with the new military pantomime entitled

THE RECRUITS.

Garousse, a Miller's Man.....	Mr. James S. Maffit
Old Antique, the Miller.....	James Vincent
Col. La Fouche, of the 21st.....	G. W. H. Griffin
Sergeant Cartouche, of the 21st.....	John Queen
Corporal Knapsack, of the 21st.....	John Gilbert
Javette, Antique's Daughter.....	Saidee O'Neil
Fanchette, a Vivandiere.....	Addie Farwell
Private Jacques, of the 21st.....	Wm. Sourbright
Private Cartridge, Cook.....	D. C. Gooding
Rodovensky, a Russian Soldier.....	W. B. Cahill
Polaski, a Russian Soldier.....	G. W. Reed
Marie, French Vivandiere.....	Pearl Forrellis
Susette, French Vivandiere.....	Jennie Waine

Only a moderate-sized audience was present, little exertion having been made to insure a large attendance.

BOWERY OPERA-HOUSE.

A Shakespearian sketch, called ONE HUNDREDTH NIGHT OF HAMLET, Characters—Messrs. Cumming, Lord, Seabert, Cronin and Sanford.

Miss Jennie Lindsey.....	In her selections
Favorite Character Dance.....	Miss Emma Ross
Extracts of the Plantation.....	The Gormans

SULLIVAN'S IRISH BUDGET.

THE GENIUS OF THE HEEL AND TOE.

Simple Simon.....	E. Lord Ismar Alzeo..... Cronin
Other Characters by the Company.	
Serio-comic Songs.....	Miss Katie Kane

The Great European Artists, 30 Beautiful Ladies, in their Classical Groupings, Grecian and Mythological Statuary, produced at the conclusion of the Performance.

Miss Bland, Miss Eyrinne, and the Misses Bland, the amounts of cash paid for admission, and the items thereof; the amounts donated to the fund, and by whom; and the precise balance of cash on hand to be invested for the education of the children of the late Dan Bryant. Would any one of these managers pay a bill of supplies furnished their theatre without demanding a "bill of particulars," like Beecher and Tweed? We think not, and trust that their forthcoming report will embrace all these points.

THE RECEIPTS.

The model return of moneys received has been furnished by Manager Josh Hart of the Theatre Comique, which is as follows:

284 orchestra chairs at $1.....	$284 00
324 admission tickets at 50cts.....	162 00
442 gallery at 25cts.....	110 50
1 private-box sold to John Morrissey.....	100 00
1 private-box sold to ex-Judge Dowling.....	100 00
55 exchange tickets from gallery to parquet at 25cts.	13 75
63 exchange tickets from parquet to orchestra at 50c.	31 50
	$801 75
355 general admission tickets at $1.....	355 00
Total.....	$1,156 75

In addition to this, M

CINCINNATI DRAMATIC NEWS to the 30th ult., as furnished by our correspondent, runs as follows: "At the Grand Opera-house 'The Two Orphans' was revived this week, attracting a good-sized attendance. Miss Ada Gray was again the stellar attraction, making as much out of Henriette Girard as the part admitted of. J. B. McCormick, a city editor of *The Enquirer*, and a former actor, played Jacques Frochard with the ease of a veteran, and surprised even his friends by his histrionic ability. The Pierre of E. R. Dalton, Pichard of R. E. Graham, De Vaudrey of J. R. Grismer, Marianne of Helen Matthews, and Louise of Ada Dow were all well-marked successes. Frank Bosworth, C. A. Broadwell, Mrs. Bosworth, Mary Davenport, Miss Lyle and Miss Moore also deserve commendation. The play was handsomely set, some of the scenes being perfect gems of mechanical art, notably so the illuminated garden and snow scenes. Ada Gray's engagement closes with the week. Next Monday Mrs. Bushby opens, followed on the 10th by the 'Jack and Jill' Pantomime Company..... At Wood's Theatre George L. Fox's Pantomime Company began their second engagement this season on Monday last, and have done a splendid business all the week. The company is the same as when here last Fall, and need not be noticed again. The introduced features are Mlle. Lucia and the Orrin Brothers, gymnasts; La Belle Gabrielle, performer on tumblers and wooden spheres; Kynock and Smith, skaters; Ed. Dunbar, the Milesian vocalist; Louise Boshell, slack-rope artist; Georgie Dean Spaulding and W. P. Spaulding, bells and harp performers. The troupe close with the week, and will be followed by Eliza Wertheraby. Robert McWade will play the last regular engagement of the season, opening on the 10th. On the 17th come Haverly's Minstrels..... The performance of 'The Merchant of Venice' at Robinson's Opera-house on the 22d, by the Shakespeare Club, was a complete success, the house being crowded..... Of the stock actors here, R. E. Graham has engaged for Cleveland next season, Alf. Hudson for Philadelphia, Frank Lord for New Orleans, and John Marbie for Wood's, this city."

ROBERT FOX of the American Theatre, Philadelphia, proposes to give the use of his establishment for an afternoon and evening performance for the benefit of the family of the late Dan Bryant, provided the other managers of that city will co-operate with him. Mr. Fox will also give his check for $500, as a contribution toward the fund for the support and education of Dan Bryant's children. A meeting was to be held at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on the 3d of May, to decide upon some united course of action. J. E. Jackson, the well-known theatrical printer of Philadelphia, has the matter in charge.

MARY Scott and company gave a farewell matinee, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 1st of May, appearing in "Mary Stuart," and Bistori giving in English the "sleep-walking scene" from "Macbeth."

CHARLES FROHTER and dramatic company, under the management of Mr. James F. Sherry, appeared to an excellent attendance, at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, during the week ending May 1, in "Lady Camelia," "Ruy Blas," and "No Thoroughfare." In "Lady Camelia," a new version of "La Dame aux Camelias," by Mr. Fechter as Armand Duval, he gave a highly-finished bit of acting. He was admirably supported by Miss Lizzie Price as Marguerite, F. C. Bangs as Mons. Gaston Rieux, and J. B. Roberts as George Duval.

LOTTA commences a week's engagement at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, May 3, opening in Fred Marsden's new play, entitled "Little Lynde Light," E. A. Locke, Sam Hemple, R. Fulton Russell, and Miss May Davenport are prominent members of the company supporting Lotta. On May 17, George E. Locke will join her in a temperance drama.

"THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP" was announced to be produced at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, during the week ending May 1, by a dramatic company composed mainly of amateurs, but the exceedingly slim attendance on the inaugural evening—April 26—prevented any more performances of the piece in question, and necessitated the closing of that establishment.

MISS G. C. HOWARD will appear as Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending May 15. She will be supported by her own dramatic company.

LILLIE ELDRIDGE will commence her regular starring tour early in September, and managers desiring to arrange dates can address as per advertisement.

C. R. GARDNER advertises for a lady and child to take special characters in a legitimate drama.

"THE Two ORPHANS" held the boards of the Providence, R. I., Opera-house through the week ending May 1, to good business, the only noticeable changes in the cast have been made since its first production here several weeks ago: Miss Hattie McKee acceptably played the Countess in place of Miss Lillie Wilkinson, who was before substituted on account of Miss McKee's illness. Miss C. Leclaire and Mr. Nye Chester recently joined the company in connection with this theatre. The parts played by them were well taken by Miss Hastings and Mr. C. W. Sutton. The regular Winter season closed May 1, and the house will remain unoccupied until the 7th, when Mr. F. Von Oliker, musical director, has a benefit. Mr. F. Shelby, formerly of Providence, at this theatre, is to receive two benefit entertainments, afternoon and evening, May 8. Lucille Western, Lawrence Barrett, John T. Raymond and E. L. Davenport follow, each for one week. F. G. Cotter, T. W. Edwards, George Morrison, and Miss Lizzie Daly closed their engagement with the traveling company under Manager E. A. McDowell. Mr. Cotter will assume the responsibilities of business manager with this company for the Summer, and next season goes to the Boston Museum. The others of the present company remain here through the Summer season, and of these Mr. R. Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, and Mrs. A. Denoyer are engaged for next Fall. Miss Ida Savory will be leading lady. C. W. Sutton goes to the Varieties, New Orleans, next season. Letter of May 2.

THE HOUSES that greeted the Furbish Company on the nights of April 26, 27, 28, at Newark, N. J., were very large, and the play produced, "The Two Orphans," was splendidly put on, and everybody was pleased. John Allen and company are billed for 7, 8.

MESSRS. MORTON AND MAEDER'S new temperance local drama, entitled "Life's Peril, or the Drunkard's Wife," constituted the programme presented at Odd Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, during April week, having received its initial representation on April 26. The drama is intended to show the evils of intemperance and gambling. Although it can hardly lay claim to much originality in the plot, the dialogue is well written. It contains some effective dramatic situations, and is illustrated by excellent local scenery. Charles H. Morton sustained the principal part, Hans Von Guzzlespipes, but failed to make a favorable impression, his dramatic ability having no opportunity for display in a character so entirely unsuited to him. Wm. Davidge Jr., who possesses the important qualification of being able to make fun out of a very small part, was very amusing as Stumps. The other characters were fairly sustained, and call for no special comment. "The Two Orphans" will be produced May 10.

THE BILL at Bidwell's Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., the only legitimate theatre now open in that city, remains without material change since our last report. J. J. Wallace's imitative powers were most satisfactorily tested in his portrayal of Meg Merrilies, and the performance evinced thorough study and versatility of talent. To the olio performances the Zigzags were introduced during the week in their graceful act, for the first time in this city, time, brought out the pantomime of "The Red Gnome." The bill concluded with a new local drama by the company. Advices of April 27.

CLARA WILDMAN, supported by Wildman's New York Comedy Theatre, is meeting with much success in the South, and the manager has decided to extend the season until June 1. The company open in Staunton, Va., April 26, for two weeks, and will go from there to Lynchburg and Southwest Virginia. Performers desiring engagements for the season of 1875-6, commencing Aug. 15, can address as per advertisement.

SAM H. HUBBARD, late of Carner's Dramatic Company, who has been lying ill during the past three weeks with inflammatory rheumatism, at the Mansion House, Parker City, Pa., is recovering.

J. H. STODDART and company performed at Reading, Pa., April 26, Lancaster 27, Williamsport 28, Pottsville 29, Easton 30, Allentown May 1. Billed at Elizabeth, N. J., 3.

THE FRANK FRAYNE COMBINATION will produce Tayleure's drama of "Si Slocum," at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, May 31. Negotiations are in progress for Frayne's appearance at a Broadway Theatre in New York in the course of the Summer.

DEATH claimed a second victim from the Brooklyn atre attaches during the past week. Little Harry . Moore, infant child of Thomas Moore, the prop- residing in the theatre, died on April 30 r of illness. Little Harry was a great favor- everyone connected with the house. His remains were in- Stamford, Ct., on May 2.

FRANK CHANFRAU will commence his Fall season at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre early in September, and will visit California early in the Spring.

OLIVE LOGAN acted in "Surf" at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, New York, during the past week. The regular season closed May 1. Lawrence Barrett, supported by his own company, begins a season of one week May 3.

EDWIN ADAMS' first appearance this season at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., was on April 26. The house was stormy, yet a good audience was present to witness his performance of Rover in "Wild Oats." Miss Pierson's performance of Lady Amaranth was perhaps one of her most pleasing impersonations. Ferd. Hight both looked and acted the character of Sir George Thunder to the life. Harry Thunder had a good representative in E. F. Barrot. W. H. Power seemed to be somewhat overweighted in the part of John Dory. W. P. Sheldon was in the right place as Sim, while Miss Mollie Maeder looked handsome and acted with spirit in the character of Jane. As Ephraim Smooth, H. E. Mohen was not suited to the character. Farmer Gammon was well acted by E. T. Goodrich. "Clancarty" was produced 27 for the first time in that city, and continued the attraction until Friday, when "Enoch Arden" will take its place and continue throughout the week, when the regular season will close, although the theatre will be kept open for some weeks, and possibly the stock company may return for a short season. On May 3 William A. Wallace's benefit takes place, and the prospects are that he will have a rousing house. The G. L. Fox "Humpty-Dumpty" Troupe commences an engagement of three nights and a matinee on May 6. Advices of April 29.

AT HAMILTON'S OPERA-HOUSE, Wheeling, W. Va., the employes, who have organized a pantomime company, gave a performance on April 26 before a large audience. After the curtain fell upon the first act, they presented Mr. Hamilton, the manager of the Opera-house, with an elegant gold-headed cane, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to James Hamilton by the employes of the Opera-house, April 26, 1875."

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted for the season of 1875-6 by George W. Kirk, whose address find elsewhere.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN can be addressed as per advertisement.

THE SUSAN DENIN COMBINATION is to perform at Norristown, Pa., May 4, 5, Reading 6, 7. E. F. Knowles and Miss Saidee Jackson have joined the company.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our correspondent, writing on April 24, reviews amusements in that city from the time of his previous letter, communication having been interrupted for some time by a break in U. P. R. R.

A notable theatrical event took place at the California theatre on April 12 in the production of Shakespeare's "King John." The play was brought upon the stage with new scenery, accurate dresses, and the panoply of arms he material for display afforded by the architecture, cosnes and ceremonies of the time was seized upon for pectacular use; and with the possible exception of "Richd III" this revival was the most picturesque of all those de by Mr. McCullough. From its rich and abundant ble adornment the play assumed the aspect of a medieval ment. The scenery was painted by Messrs. W. T. Porter Forrest Seabury, and the principal armor was made rts expressly for the revival. By the force of external roundings such incidents as the meeting of the English French armies before Angiers, the feuding of Arthur's d body beneath the walls of Northampton Castle, and death of King John at Swinstead Abbey, were rendered most impressive. King John's death received the greatest effect, perhaps, from outward influences—the night, the sombre trees, the gloomy abbey with its illuminated stained windows and its solemn organ, all tending to wrap an air of deeper melancholy about the monarch's bitter end. The cast the play was acted with is given here in full:

King John	Barton Hill	King Philip	John Wilson
Prince Henry	Miss K. Pell	The Dauphin	Chas. Mestayer
Arthur	Miss G. Woodthorpe	Austria	W. A. Mestayer
Essex	Frank Kilday	Pandulph	Walter Leman
Pembroke	Nelson Decker	Melun	E. N. Thayer
Salisbury	T. W. Keene	Chatillon	Sails
Norfolk	Murry Woods	Herald	S. W. Leach
Hubert	H. Edwards	Elinor	Sophie Edwin
Robt. Faulconbridge	H. Coad	Constance	Katharine Rogers
Philip Faulconbridge	John McCullough	Blanche	Belle Chapman
Gurney	J. S. Torrence	Lady Faulconbridge	Mrs. C. R. Saunders
Prophet	J. Sanford		

Miss Rogers practiced Constance at Virginia City and other towns before she acted it here, and of course the part was familiar to her. She spoke the lines with the precision that betokened an excellent appreciation of their meaning. Beyond this, the effort was merely respectable. In this character, as in Queen Katharine, she assumed a hollow, affected voice, and her acting, notwithstanding that it was guided by a fine intelligence, was scarcely ever magnetic. Barton Hill's King John bore a striking resemblance to the pictures handed down of the monarch. From out-of-door form the realization extended to interior spirit. There was a subtle quality about Mr. Hill's acting in king John which is usually exhibited when he appears in very exacting parts. The last instance furnished of this was given in Macbeth. However, Mr. Hill's fondness for attitudinizing begets a suspicion of staginess, and such cling about portions of his King John. In the main the portrayal was careful, intelligent and limned with power. Mr. McCullough was eminently fitted for Faulconbridge. He brought to the character a good physique and a bonne spirit. His use of irony and satire was fine, and his humor was open and lusty. Objections were raised to the restoration of some of the texts of the part, on the score of indecency. Certainly, Mr. McCullough did not mince the words, and it may be questionable if the sometime grossness of shakespeare's utterances are more demoralizing than the constant delicate insinuations of ridiculous society drama. Miss Georgie Woodthorpe, a young miss barely in her teens, made a remarkable debut as Arthur. Her self-possession, intelligence and feeling were quite exceptional. Owing to her success, Mr. McCullough had large photographs taken of her, and immediately engaged her for the regular company. Of the remaining cast, Mr. Edwards made an acceptable Hubert, Mr. Keene a spirited Salisbury, Charles Mestayer a handsome Dauphin, and Walter Leman an impressive Pandulph. "King John" was never remarkable for being a drawing play, and its production on the 12th created no unusual stir. Not until it was known abroad that the scenic splendors made the play a pageant, did the public manifest interest in the revival. Unfortunately, when the houses were increasing, Mr. McCullough was prostrated by illness, which necessitated his redirement and the consequent withdrawal of the play from the stage. This was reluctantly done, and in the place of "King John" a number of lighter pieces were put on in Miss Rogers' last week. Mr. McCullough, to get rest, went to Paso Robles Springs, and Barton Hill left the leading business entirely to Mr. T. W. Keene. The attendance fell, and the close of Miss Rogers' engagement, like its beginning, saw a light business. But the satisfaction felt over her personations in the last week was more pronounced than usual—those of Lucetta, Hermione and Constance. Reports come from Virginia City, following the Girards..... Reports come from Paso Robles that John McCullough is recovering under the influence of the waters of Bellevada..... Mr. Byrne and company are said to be doing a fair business at Portland..... Mrs. D. P. Bowers closed a successful four weeks' engagement under Piper's direction in Virginia on April 24. Mr. Piper's dramatic company includes Mr. K. Mortimer, Chas. Edmunds, Geo. Giddens, A. D. Billings, Mrs. Edmunds and Miss Sydney Cowell..... The Jackley Troupe were at San Jose April 21, 22..... "The Two Orphans" is in preparation at the California Theatre.

THE GLASSFORD SISTERS' N. Y. Theatre Company closed suddenly at Gorham, N. H., on April 26. Mrs. J. Chichester writes from that town, under date of April 27, as follows:

The manager, W. A. Glassford, left by the 4 o'clock A. M. train, with his family and Mr. Geo. Gray, while the rest of the company were asleep, taking with him the proceeds of a very good week's business. He has also used what little money was made to support his family, with the exception of paying small sums to his company, only to prevent them leaving him. Thus he left six people whom he knew were quite without the means of reaching their homes.

MUSICAL.

HARRY SATOR, leader of orchestra, is at liberty to accept engagements. See card.

GEO. WILLIG, music publisher, Baltimore, Md., has recently issued two new swell-songs by Millais, entitled "Captivating Beau" and "Strolling on the Lawn."

BRUCE MILLER, advertises for an engagement to play B-flat cornet in brass and orchestra.

MLLE. AIMEE and troupe are at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week. During this engagement Mlle. Aimee will appear in "La Perichole" and "Madame Angot."

MISS LINA MAYR'S German Opera-bouffe Company made their first appearance in Philadelphia, at the Arch-street Theatre, on April 26, in "Girofle-Girofla." Miss Mayr was a clever and highly-pleasing representative of the principal role of Girofle-Girofla. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of charming quality, and acted with much vivacity and spirit. She was ably supported—Mr. M. Schonwolff as Mourzouk, and Mr. F. Schutz as Marasquin, being especially excellent in their respective roles. The choruses were creditably sung, and the orchestra performed its work efficiently. "Girofle-Girofla" was repeated during the week, attracting nightly an excellent attendance.

ONE OF THE LARGEST audiences of the season was assembled at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the evening of April 26, the occasion of the benefit of Mr. S. Behrens, director of the Kellogg Opera Company. An operatic concert was given, including acts of "Martha," "Il Trovatore" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which Miss Annie Louise Carey, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mme. Van Zandt and other leading members of the Kellogg company appeared. The audience, by their frequent and hearty applause, seemed to thoroughly enjoy the musical treat.

THE GILMORE BAND will give six promenade concerts at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, commencing May 10. Miss Emma C. Thursby and Mr. A. Sohst will also assist at these concerts.

THE CHORAL DIVISION of the Centennial Musical Association of Philadelphia will give a concert at the Academy of Music in that city on the 5th of May.

J. N. PATTISON the pianist will inaugurate a series of his musical lectures at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 7th of May.

JOHN SIVORI, violinist, late of Dan Bryant's Minstrels, is open for engagement. Address care of this office.

THE PEAK FAMILY Swiss Bellringers are to appear at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., for one week, commencing May 3, introducing the specialty artists Ernest and Gerard Byne, the Ulm Sisters, Miss Susie Winner, Miss Alice Kellogg, Miss Julia Peak, Miss Blaisdell, and others.

THIRTY-FIVE MUSICIANS are advertised for by P. E. Duffy. They are wanted for hotel business during the Summer.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE are to appear at Hamilton, Ont., May 3, 4. Dalehanty and Hengler, song-and-dance artists, are with this troupe.

THE LATEST PUBLICATIONS of Wm. A. Pond & Co., music publishers, can be found in their list of new music, published in our advertising department.

L. P. GOULLAUD, music publisher, Boston, Mass., has lately issued a number of new sensation songs, including "Spelling Match," "Pretty as a Daisy" and others. He publishes the full list in our business columns.

LINA MAYR'S German Opera-bouffe Company appear at the Concordia Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., May 4, 5, 6, in "Girofle-Girofla."

A COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT was to have been given at Pacific Hall, San Francisco, April 29, for the benefit of Signor Ferrer, guitarist. The performers announced to take part were Signorina Ida Vallerga, Miss May Robinson, Alfred Kelleher, Mons. Dochez, Mr. Makin, Frank Gilder, Signor Padovani and Signor Solano.

JOHN P. ROTH, leader of the Concordia Brass Band and Orchestra at Allentown, Pa., advertises that he is prepared to furnish music to all parties visiting that town.

A NEW ORGANIZATION, styled the Centennial Jubilee Singers, composed of four male and four female darkies, gave a concert at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., on April 30, and were but moderately successful, either artistically or financially.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY gave "The Seasons" in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Wednesday evening, April 28, to a large house..... The fourth historical concert, announced for April 30 in Mechanics' Hall, that city, was indefinitely postponed, in consequence of the death of George L. Osgood's mother.

MISS JAMES MAAS' BURLESQUE OPERA closed their season of thirty-eight weeks through the South and West, at Reading, Pa., on May 1, receiving a very flattering ovation. The company separate for the Summer, reorganizing in the Fall for their second annual tour. Mlle. Silvani, prima donna, joins them next season.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE are to sing at Troy, N. Y., May 3, Rochester 4, 5, Buffalo 6, 7, 8, Lockport 10, Toronto, Ont., 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, Montreal 17, for one week.

THE WILMINGTON JUBILEE SINGERS reappeared at Scranton, Pa., April 24. New Milford 27, Binghamton 28, 29, Elmira 30, May 1. They will sing at Beecher's church, Brooklyn, 4.

MANAGER FRED G. BERGER of the Berger Family recently purchased a pair of elegant French Canadian ponies for his sisters Anna and Henrietta, to amuse themselves with during the Summer season at their home in Jackson, Mich.

THE ROUTE OF THE BERGER FAMILY has been slightly changed from that given in our past issue. It is Lindsay, Ont., May 3, Orillia 4, Barrie 5, Toronto 6, 7, 8, and there close a season of forty weeks, which has been one of the most successful ever undertaken by this company. The Family return to their home in Jackson, Mich. Their next season will commence Aug. 15. Fred G. Berger will arrive in this city May 15 to engage talent. Sol Smith Russell, humorist and facial artist, will be one of the chief attractions next season.

ROB STRICKENS of Detroit, Mich., publishes the song-and-dance "Bronze-buttoned Shoes."

A MUSICIAN, who advertises that he is competent to lead orchestra and band, wishes an engagement. See C. J. Marsh's card.

CHARLES KONOLLMAN'S "New York Society Songster," containing the popular songs of the day, can be obtained as per card.

A CARD from several of Prof. Clark's pupils can be found published elsewhere, recommending his method and the professor as a first-class teacher for those desirous of becoming proficient on the guitar.

A MUSICIAN, who can play alto and violin, advertises for an engagement.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., a delightful entertainment has been given by an admirably selected company, who are all familiar to our public, but who are on that account only the more welcome. Sol Smith Russell, with his remarkable facial and character delineations; Walters and Morton, with fresh songs-and-dances; Billy Ashcroft in his eccentric and pleasing songs and character sketches; Jennie Hughes, with her tasteful and beautiful dresses, and taking songs; Sheridan and Mack, Kittie Brooke, Harry Bloodgood, and the remarkable acrobats the Brothers Rouselle, have each and all contributed their share to the entertainment of the large gatherings that have been present at every performance. One of the funniest things in the bill was the Paris (Maine) Ballet Troupe, and the burlesque sketch of "Satan in Boston" was quite amusing. Next week the theatre will be occupied by Bryant's Minstrels, under the management of Neil Bryant. In addition, Cool Burgess will appear..... At the Boylston Museum the Thorpe Pantomime Troupe continues, and during the week just passed the entertainment has comprised the farce "Taken for the Wrong Man," the sketch of "The Tormented Doctor," and the comic pantomime of "Bibo's Frolics," with the same people mentioned last week, with the addition of Miss Lizzie Hall.

THE PRAEGER FAMILY, Snow Brothers, and John Reese were the fresh attractions at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., on April 26. The performances of the Praeger Family were novel, and of decided merit. They gave Tyrolean weddings, zeds, harts, violin duets, and cat duet, the latter feature eliciting general approbation. The acrobatic feats of the Snow Brothers were skillfully accomplished, and their performing dogs afforded considerable merriment. John Reese's songs, dances and sayings were well received. Joe Lang, Ned Campbell, G. W. Herman, Mlle. Eddie Weaver, and Miss Williams were seen in fresh acts, the whole concluding with Alex. Zanfretta's pantomime of "Popsey-Wopsey," the Zanfretta party playing the leading roles. No departures next week. Minnie Rainforth commences May 3.....Charley Benedict, R. V. Ferguson, and a lady vocalist and pianist are among the latest additions to the company in Pennsylvania. Ferguson was in Pittsburg a day or two ago, and says, taking expenses into consideration, business must be reported good. Letter dated April 30.

AT THE ODEON, Baltimore, Md., the return of two old favorites, Dick Smith and Edie Lottie, was the only notable event of the past week. The departures after May 1 were James Kelly to the Avenue Theatre, Washington; Frank Mara and Laura Bernard. Arrivals May 3: Tommy Heywood, the Lovelands and Carrie Woods. Business good. Mr. Hugh Kernan, one of the proprietors of the Baltimore Opera-house, had his two ankles badly sprained by the recent accident on the Baltimore and Potomac R. R.

SHED LE CLAIR, flying trapeze and double somerset artist, advertises that he has a few open dates.

IDA DE VERE and Pauline Barretta leave St. Louis, Mo., June 1 for California, where they intend to spend the Summer months.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for variety artists, and state that they can offer a party with $1,500 an opportunity to become interested in the show business.

THE GIRARDS, whose arrival in San Francisco from Australia we recently announced, state, through an advertisement that their Australian engagement was a series of triumphs, and managers desiring to negotiate can communicate with their agent, Col. T. Alston Brown.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, attendance nightly since the season commenced has afforded abundant proof of the popularity of the entertainments there given, and of the individual artists. The new arrivals on April 26 were the Nelson Family, Charles and Carrie Austin, Miss Patti Rosa, Bob Scott and Neil Conway. The Nelson Family presented some very clever and novel gymnastic feats that elicited the most marked approbation. Charles and Carrie Austin's musket-drill act was a pleasing exhibition of strength and dexterity. Miss Patti Rosa's serio-comic songs and her duets with Bob Scott were creditably rendered, and the very neat dancing of Neil Conway was nightly received with the warmest applause. The Nelson Family terminated their engagement May 1. Miss Lina Edwin and Bland Holt in the burlesque of "Don Giovanni the Second," Prof. L. Davis and his performing dogs, Miss Nell West, and Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers, are the features announced for May 3. A grand complimentary benefit, given to Manager Joseph M. Mortimer on the 7th inst.

AT GILMORE'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, an almost entire new company appeared during the week ending May 1, before large audiences. The melodrama of "The Dead Boxer" introduced Sam Collyer and Jem Murray in sparring, and John McMahon and Homer Lane in wrestling. Miss Katie Howard, serio-comic vocalist; Billy Emmett, Ethiopian comedian; the Rogers Family, gymnasts; and Maggie and Harry Le Clair, duettists, were also new arrivals that met with a cordial reception. Miss Kate Raymond and Dr. Bowers, Gussie Howard and Ada Gilbert, City of "The Waifs of New York;" Wm. Carleton, Miss Kitty Allyne and J. H. Bartley will also commence engagements on that date. J. H. Larkin and Carrie Armstrong will have a complimentary benefit on the 7th inst.

THE ARRIVALS at Ward's Opera-house, East Saginaw, Mich, April 26, were Miss Kate Harvey and The Collins Brothers. Miss Harvey possesses a symmetrical form, and her dancing was well received. the Collins Brothers' songs are new, and dancing original in style; being old favorites, they were well received.

VARIETY ITEMS in Cincinnati are sent by our correspondent, dating the 30th ult., as follows: "At the National Theatre Comique the main attraction of the week has been Palmer & Co.'s 'Black Crook' Combination, which plays the imitation of the Crook known as 'A Tale of Enchantment,' the same specialties and Wood's Museum last Fall. The scenery was good, the transformation being very gorgeous. The ballet consisted of twenty girls, handsomely costumed, J. Douglass, Signor Elviro, the Leon Brothers, Worden and Mack, and the Ifferd Sisters are with the combination, and are supported by the regular company of the theatre, together with Cincinnatus, a clever song-and-dance man; Shed Le Clair, trapezist; Frank and Eva Bennett, Johnny Bowman, Dan Mason and Shay and Foster. Business has been immense. The departures to-morrow will be Johnny Bowman for St. Louis, Dan Mason for Louisville, Frank and Eva Bennett, Wilmington, Del., Leon Brothers to Robinson's Opera-house, and Shed Le Clair. The people next week are to be Ella Warner, Marie Gaugain, and El Nino Eddie..... Robinson's Opera-house was opened for a season of vaudeville, under the management of Robinson & Collier, on April 19. The attractions advertised all appeared save Billy Manning, who was represented to be ill in Chicago. The programme opened with an old negro-sketch by Shay, Foster and Mark Hughes. The Reynolds Brothers, who followed, made a hit in their songs-and-dances. Polly Daly's vocalisms, of course, succeeded extremely well. Marie Gaugain next danced gracefully, and was followed by Harris and Carroll in a sketch called 'The Old Slave's Return,' which introduced their singing and dancing, and took well. El Nino Eddie then gave his brilliant tight-rope exhibition, after which Captain Henry S. Page played the cornet. The Lenton Family, consisting of five persons, three grown and two little midgets, were the next on, and fairly took the house by storm in acrobatic feats. They are difficult to rival. Harry Gurr, the manfish, next gave his amphibious entertainment, followed by Prof. Fox in bird imitations. The wind-up consisted of Burton Stanley's specialty, 'The Prima Donna in a Night,' in the manager of the theatre. To advantage as a burlesque cantatrice, and was comically supported by Harris. The attendance was large the first night, but has since been decidedly moderate. The admission is nearly double that at the National, and the show no better, and it is extremely improbable that the new venture will succeed so late in the season..... The changes at the Adelphia have been the closing of Kittie Davenport, and the engagement of the Dimple Sisters, Dottie and Dollie, song-and-dance and serio-comic."

THE VICTORELLIS—John and William—gymnasts, whose address is in another column, want engagements.

A SLEIGHT-OF-HAND PERFORMER, magician and juggler desires an engagement with a traveling variety company. See J. K. Stauffer's card.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. WARE, duettists and character vocalists, are now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.; Providence, R. I., and Albany, N. Y., to follow. They can be engaged after June 29.

JULIA BENNETT, the Johnson Sisters and Harry Woodson were the fresh appearances at Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., April 26.

THE LATEST PUBLICATIONS of Wm. A. Pond & Co., music publishers, can be found in their list of new music, published in our advertising department.

L. P. GOULLAUD, music publisher, Boston, Mass., has lately issued a number of new sensation songs, including "Spelling Match," "Pretty as a Daisy" and others. He publishes the full list in our business columns.

LINA MAYR'S German Opera-bouffe Company appear at the Concordia Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., May 4, 5, 6, in "Girofle-Girofla."

A COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT was to have been given at Pacific Hall, San Francisco, April 29, for the benefit of Signor Ferrer, guitarist. The performers announced to take part were Signorina Ida Vallerga, Miss May Robinson, Alfred Kelleher, Mons. Dochez, Mr. Makin, Frank Gilder, Signor Padovani and Signor Solano.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did an excellent business last week, the house being filled every evening. Charlotte M. Stanley appeared in "A Fight for Life" and "Too Late." Miss Jennie Engle, announced for April 26, was detained in Baltimore on account of sickness in her family, and her engagement was filled by Lulu Delmay. The departures May 1 were Lulu Delmay to Buffalo, Harper and Stansil to Brooklyn, George and Nellie Brooks to New York, and Charlotte M. Stanley to Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore. The announcements for May 3 are Hernandez Foster in "Jack Harkaway," Miss Winnetta Montague, and Miss Jennie Engle in songs, James M. Wood, Frank Mara, Edwin F. Barnes, George Barnum, and Prof. Carlyle and son..... At the Avenue Theatre the cancan is still an attractive feature, and will be continued. The arrivals April 26 were Joe Coburn and George Rooke in the "manly art;" Frank Cushman, general performer; La Belle Pauline and Miss Sallie Adams in songs. The departures May 1 were George Rooke and Joe Coburn, Charley Howard to Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, Miss Mattie Gray to Richmond, Miss Sallie Adams to Brooklyn, for the 10th, Miss Minnie Baker to Norfolk, and George B. and J. B. Radcliffe, unknown. A good business was done during the week. Announcements for May 3: William and Sadie Hasson, in Irish and negro sketches; James A. Kelly, in negro comedy; Eliza Wilson and Lillie Francis, in double songs-and-dances, and Miss Laura Bernard, vocalist. Charley Howard has accepted the position of stage-manager, and upon his return from Philadelphia, on the 17th, will enter upon his duties in that capacity. Letter of May 2.

THE ATTRACTIONS during the past week at the Odeon, Newark, N. J., were many and good. The Dutch portrayings of Geo. S. Knight were very comical, and as "The Musical Mole" Frank Jones is inferior to none. The feats in midair of Mlle. Lottie and Frank Angell were truly wonderful. This theatre closes May 8, and on the 10th the company open at the Opera-house for one week, to close the season. The departures May 1 are Geo. S. Knight to Baltimore, Frank Jones, Frank Angell, Mlle. Lottie and Leonora Bradley, to Philadelphia, not known. Underlined for 3: Prof. Nelson and Sons, Pete Cannon and Winona Bridges. Business continues good. .....At the Metropolitan, the Warren Sisters took well, as did Carrie Wall in her club-swinging. Business large. Closing May 1: The Ventini Pantomime Troupe, Fred J. Mackley, destination not known, and Carrie Wall, who goes to New Brunswick. Announced for May 3: The Boisset Family and Miss Buerkel.....The Palace Music Hall closed May 1 for two weeks for repairs. The company, minus Dick Mack and Dave Rose, go to New Brunswick, Trenton, and Morristown in the interim. Departures 1: W. L. Hirst and Mlle. Rosetta, who go to New Haven. Advices of May 1.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to show at Seneca Falls, N. Y., May 3, Utica 4, Oswego 5, Watertown 6, Ogdensburg 7, Brockville, Canada, 8.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS and other variety performers desiring engagements at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., commencing May 30, are requested to address Clinton Eddy, as per card.

CARLE SWIFT, lady ventriloquist, can be addressed care of this office by managers desiring to engage her for the next Fall and Winter season. Miss Swift, who is now traveling with Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels, is very favorably noticed by the Southern press, extracts from which are published in another column.

THE GRAND ADELPHI THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., is swimming along with a large attendance nightly. The only new faces April 26 were J. S. Leopold, who does a very good triple horizontal-bar act, and Sid France, who appears in "Marked for Life." Great attention has been paid to the mounting of the play, and the scenes are perfect gems. Sid France has certainly pleased the audiences, and is a very clever comedian. The new faces on May 3 will be N. Salisbury, John Webster, Ed. Marble, Sam Reed, Nellie McHenry and Katie Wilson in a new play styled "Patchwork," which will be subsequently played through the interior of the State by the above company. Wash Norton has left Cal Stewart's field and Booker, the Reynolds Brothers, and Billy Courtright are to appear in a minstrel first-part; Rena and Fred Maeder are to act in a play called "The Arab of Chicago," introducing a great fire scene, and Warren Burdwell is to exhibit his Mirror of Ireland. Advices of April 29.

THE NEW FACES at the Adelphi, Grand Rapids, Mich., on April 26 were O. W. and Julia Blake and the Stewart Sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Blake were well received, and are good in their lines of business. The Stewart Sisters have good wardrobe, and take well in their songs-and-dances. Prof. Lawrence is clever. Georgie Atkins, another new face, has a neat stage appearance, and executes a clever jig. Miss Nellie Dunbar, Nellie Forrester and the Clark Brothers close May 1. Johnny McVeigh and Kate Montrose and Dan Mason are announced to open 3.....W. H. Bunting, manager of the Adelphi, has left the Metropolitan, and the firm is now Lake & Burton. Burton opens May 3. Business at both places fair. Letter of April 29.

LEON WASHBURN'S MORAL SHOW was at Portland, Me., April 30, Coaticoke, C. E., May 1. Route: Sherbrooke 3, Montreal 4, 5, Prescott 6, 7, Ottawa 8, 10, Brockville 11, 12, Kingston 13, 14.

BUSINESS WAS FAIR at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week. The new people were Blanche Selwyn, Jennie Southern, John T. Kelly, Ben [Gulfoil, Foley and Wade, and Joseph Norton. No departures. The Richmond Sisters and John Murray open May 3. Maggie Stalker had a large audience at his benefit April 27.

MAGGIE WESNER, La Belle Pauline, Ida Morton, Harry Bernard, and Redmond and Devere were the arrivals April 26 at the Adelphi Theatre, Albany, N. Y. Miss Wesner, a young lady of fine physique, danced a polka exercise with a chair, in which Ida Morton were seen to advantage in a sketch entitled "The Sleeping Beauty." Later, Pauline sang serio-comic songs very nicely, and Ida Morton danced a Highland fling acceptably. Harry Bernard made himself generally useful, and Redmond and Devere executed a familiar song-and-dance in a passable manner. Those closing May 1 were Hensha and Evans, going to Buffalo; Morton and Barnardo to Syracuse, and James Neary to New York. Those billed for May 3 are Fitzgerald and Ryan, and Billy MacAllister.

THE LOVE SISTERS and Maggie Clare were the new people on April 26 at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., all being old favorites, and were received with the less now. The genial Max Redelsheimer, treasurer, took his first benefit on the 30th, when a host of volunteer talent appeared, the house being literally crammed. During the evening Max was loudly called for; and, while answering the call and coming on the stage, Harry Wood interrupted him with an elegant gold-headed ebony cane, presented by the attaches, Max responding in a neat speech. Closing May 1 are Griffin and Rice, Frank Carlton, De Wit

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M. B. Cowles.—Dear Sir: Being about to close my regular dramatic season, will not require your services after this date. Allow me to thank you for your faithful endeavors in my behalf during the time you have been with me, and I take great pleasure in recommending you as a sober, reliable, hard-working agent. Next season, if you are at liberty, should be pleased to avail myself of your services again.

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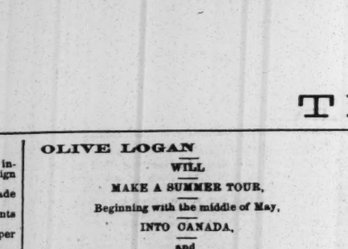

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VOICE OF THE PRESS.

Last night the Wildman Comedy Company made their first appearance before the Richmond public at Virginia Opera-house, in "Violet, or the Life of an Actress," Clara Wildman sustaining the role. Notwithstanding the fact that it was raining hard at the hour of opening the doors, there was a large audience present, and the greetings accorded the new candidates for public favor were decidedly encouraging. The character of Violet, by Clara Wildman, was evenly and nicely acted throughout, and certainly deserving of warm commendation. Mr. Wildman's Grimaldi was a decided hit, and was received with the applause it deserved. The role has been carefully studied and excellently preserved from buffoonery. The general support was good. During the play Violet sings a number of songs very sweetly.—RICHMOND ENQUIRER, April 13.

CLARA WILDMAN'S COMEDY COMPANY.—Clara Wildman's New York Comedy Company commenced an engagement at the Virginia Opera-house last night, and had a full house, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather. "Violet, or the Life of an Actress," was well represented. Clara Wildman acts and sings well, and made a favorable impression last night.—RICHMOND DAILY DISPATCH, April 13.

Clara Wildman is a charming young actress: her fine singing was loudly encored.—RALEIGH DAILY CRESCENT.

The attraction of the evening was the singing and acting of Clara Wildman; she is a natural and graceful actress, and rendered her difficult part with good taste and spirit.—RALEIGH DAILY NEWS.

Clara Wildman made a decided hit, and responded twice to the most enthusiastic calls.—PETERSBURG DAILY INDEX AND APPEAL.

Clara Wildman's Fanchon was good. She is really a fine singer, a delightful actress, and a handsome woman.—PETERSBURG DAILY NEWS.

NEW YORK COMEDY COMPANY.—The attendance at the Academy of Music was very large on last evening, and comprised many ladies. Clara Wildman acquitted herself in the character of Fanchon, with a sprightliness and vivacity that gave entire satisfaction to her audience, and showed that she had a magnetic control over them. Indeed, she is an actress of whom the more one sees, the more one wants to see.—PETERSBURG (VA.) INDEX AND APPEAL.

We doubt if Clara Wildman's superior, either as an actress or vocalist, ever visited our city.—ZANESVILLE (OHIO) DAILY COURIER.

Clara Wildman's singing is bewitching; her acting is superb.—CHILLICOTHE (OHIO) GAZETTE.

The queen of song, and an excellent actress.—HARRISBURG (PA.) DAILY TIMES.

A little gem—the pearl of Song.—CHARLESTON DAILY COURIER.

The charming actress and rare vocalist.—HARRISBURG (PA.) DAILY TELEGRAPH. 6-1t

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THE MOORE & BURGESS MINSTRELS.—In the second part the new character-act of "The Two Off-'uns" (orphans) was a famous source of delight. The grotesqueness of the actors, although sometimes a little too broad, was thoroughly enjoyed.—MORNING ADVERTISER, March 3.

Messrs. Pendy and Sully gave the "Two Off-'uns." It is needless to mention they are not the "Olympic" Orphans, but were evidently much relished, being honored with a call.—MORNING POST, March 30.

AT THE EASTER FESTIVAL.—The notable features of the second part were the "Two Orphans," by Mr. T. Sully and Mr. Pendy, recently from Yankee-land. These gentlemen are good singers and dancers, and create considerable fun.—STANDARD, April 2.

* * * * And then came comic dancing of a most grotesque character—Mr. John Pendy and Mr. Thos. Sully, both of them throwing about their limbs as though they belonged to anybody else but themselves.—THE NEWS OF THE WORLD, April 4.

Some in their line are good dancers, but are not funny—Messrs. Pendy and Sully are.—ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, April 3.

Messrs. Pendy and Sully dance a very comic dance and sing a whimsical duet.—ERA, April 4.

On April 20, the occasion of MR. G. W. MOORE'S ANNUAL BENEFIT, will introduce for the first time the sketch entitled "OUR BOYS," Messrs. Goldrich and Quilter also appearing in it. 6-1t.

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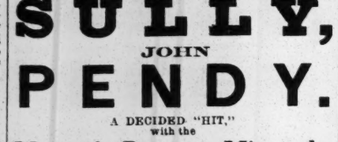

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FORMERLY OF
WOOD'S MUSEUM,
NEW YORK:
Pronounced Success
IN
NEW ORLEANS.
What the Press Says:

That Mr. Wallace did not mistake his own capacity when he undertook the difficult character of Meg, is the unanimous verdict of the audience of the Academy last night. In our whole experience as a playgoer during the last season of the Varieties, we don't remember to have seen Mr. Wallace play poorly in any part assigned him. An actor of great versatility, with genius sufficient to grasp the salient features of any part, and an unequaled capacity for looking his roles, Mr. Wallace is the most reliable actor we know of. From his stage lexicon he has evidently stricken the word fail. The performance at the Academy last night was a remarkable one. A character which is generally believed to belong alone to Miss Cushman, the greatest actress on the stage, was played—and excellently well played, too—by Mr. Wallace; and, by the force of his genius, he had won a place among the first actors of the country. All his movements, looks, and words, with the voice in which they were uttered, were those of the gipsy Meg. The lovers of genuine drama and acting that is an art will do well to see Mr. Wallace tonight.—TIMES, April 22.

We may say, briefly, that Mr. Wallace achieved his most complete triumph as Meg Merrilies last night. His impersonation was one of the most complete achievements of imitative art which have come under our observation. It was a perfect reproduction of Miss Charlotte Cushman's singularly powerful characterization of the Gipsy Queen, in costume, method, and delivery.—PICAYUNE.

Mr. Wallace has the art of "make up" better than any actor we have ever seen on the stage, and in this role his proficiency in that respect comes materially to his aid. When he first appears upon the stage his resemblance to Miss Cushman is remarkable; we see the weird, half-crazed "Meg" standing life-like before us, and an involuntary shudder creeps over us. From this point throughout the entire play the rendition is consistent and powerful. The cracked voice and the demoniac laugh are perfect, and the management of the hands is so in accordance with the requirements of the part as to be especially worthy of note. The great affection still lingering in the heart of the poor outcast for its youthful charge, which is reanimated and made all-powerful at sight of him, is so vividly portrayed as to command the admiration of all lovers of the art histrionic. It is the oasis in the weary desert of wild fancies, the spark of reason still lingering in the ashes of madness, the instinct of hope in the nature of despair. The anxiety expressed more by action than words, when Meg endeavors to instill into the mind of Dominie Sampson the importance of bearing her message and plea for rescue to Col. Mannering, is so well assumed as to prompt many to feel the necessities of the part of Dominie, and wonder at his seeming obtuseness. The grand majesty of reason and of truth asserting its sway when Meg confronts the wicked Glossin and the fiendish Hatterick, and throws into their teeth her accusations of murder, is a perfect gem of acting, and deserved the loud applause it received. The death scene is so realistic and so masterly that it must evoke the unbounded praise of all who witness it; and the emphatic recall of Mr. Wallace at the conclusion of the play was but a merited evidence of his great triumph in this character.—BULLETIN, April 22. 6-1t

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Mr. Sam Villa as a woman personator is undoubtedly the best we have ever had here, as he excels in acting, dancing and singing, is entirely free from any objectionable grossness, which is not always the case with female burlesquers.—MONTREAL HERALD, April 13.

Mr. Sam Villa as the elder sister was simply immense, both as regards size and rendition, and his falsetto singing was admirable, and he is undoubtedly the best exponent of female burlesque character we have had here.—GAZETTE, April 13.

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